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LIÉGE

ON THE LINE OF MARCH

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GLENNA L. BIGELOW

LIÉGE
ON THE LINE OF MARCH

AN AMERICAN GIRL'S EXPERIENCES WHEN
THE GERMANS CAME THROUGH BELGIUM

BY

GLENNA LINDSLEY BIGELOW

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TO THE KING OF THE BELGIANS

Multitudes upon multitudes they throng
And thicken: who shall number their array?
They bid the peoples tremble and obey:
Their faces are set forward, all for wrong.
They trample on the covenant and are strong
And terrible. Who shall dare to say them nay?
How shall a little nation bar the way
Where that resistless host is borne along?

You never thought, O! gallant King, to bow
To overmastering force and stand aside.
Safe and secure you might have reigned. But now
Your Belgium is transfigured, glorified,
The friend of France and England, who avow
An Equal here, and thank the men who died.

H. M.

London Times, August 14, 1914.

Petrarch, May 18/18.

FOREWORD

Liége on the Line of March, or An American Girl's Experience When the Germans Came Through Belgium, is a unique story. No other American probably was in the exact position of Miss Bigelow who was at the Château d' Angleur, Liége, Belgium, with the family of Monsieur X. at the outbreak of the war and experienced with them and the people of their country those tragic events which, up to the present, have hardly even been sketched for the world.

What the public already knows of armies, guns, trenches, etc., has little to do with the suffering that the people of an invaded country endures, when the white-hot flame of the enemy invasion sweeps over the land scorching every flower and leaving in its wake only desolation and pain and despair. This narrative describes in detail just what might come to any one of its readers if the Germans were victorious in Europe. Let him picture to himself his line of action or even his line of thought if an insolent officer came into his home, took his paintings from the wall, his rugs

from the floor, his private papers from his desk and, finally, his sons to — what fate? The most pacific of pacifists would draw a tight breath at such proceedings. And these are the least of things that have happened in Belgium.

But the journal was not written with exhortative design. It is the simple and truthful story of daily events as they occurred; if, at times, the words seem brutal, the circumstances were brutal. Why should one not know them?

The Château d' Angleur was respected as far as real pillaging and destroying were concerned for the fact that a cousin of Monsieur X., a Belgian by birth, is the wife of the Count von M. of Germany, at one time Grand Chancellor of the Imperial Court and a trusted friend of Emperor William the Second. As was proven afterwards this relationship, surprisingly enough, had some influence on the side of clemency.

Monsieur X. was one of that family of famous Belgian bankers which has existed for four generations. He was also President of the International Sleeping Car Company of Europe to which honor he was appointed at the death of his brother Monsieur Georges X., the originator and founder of the Company.

Madame X. is a Russian by birth, the great-granddaughter of Prince ——, who was at one

time Grand Chancellor of the Court of Russia, and a cousin of Princess ——, a lady in waiting to Her Former Majesty the Czarina of Russia. The daughter of Madame X., Baronne de H., wife of a Belgian nobleman of Brussels, is a personal friend of Their Majesties, the King and Queen of Belgium.

Miss Bigelow, though a neutral subject, was nevertheless a virtual prisoner of the Germans from August to November, 1914, owing to the lack of facility in getting away from Belgium. The railroad was taken over entirely by the German Army; automobiles, horses, carriages, etc., being long since confiscated and appropriated by the Germans. Considerable anxiety was felt as to her safety as no communication with the outside world was possible during those three months of interment. Therefore, her journal was faithfully kept for the benefit of her family and depicts the comfortable luxurious life of the days preceding August, 1914, the shock of the Declaration of War, the terrific battle of Sartilmont, three kilometres from the château, which entailed indirectly the death of Monsieur X. in the early morning of the following day while the guns were still booming. It also includes the bombardment of Liége which lasted twelve days, the care of soldiers burned in the forts, the capture

of the city by the Prussians, their brutal shooting of civilians, the burning of parts of the town and the taking of citizens as hostages.

The passing of the German army with all its accompanying paraphernalia that went to the front in the first days is described as it was photographed on the brain of the writer, looking down from her window, day after day, onto the highroad.

The journal ends with the attempted withdrawal to Brussels, the final escape to Holland by the aid of the Dutch Consul of Maestricht, the journey from Flushing, Holland, to Folkestone, England, to Calais and to Paris. The last part of this journal will appeal to those who have known and loved Paris in the old days, and portrays her to the world as the flower she is, revealing her truth and her worth tho' stripped of that individual worldliness which was yet a charm.

Note.—All except German names in the Journal are fictitious.

LIÉGE

ON THE LINE OF MARCH

LIÉGE, ON THE LINE OF MARCH

July 30th, Thursday.

To-day has been warm, very warm and sultry, a day of surprises, beginning with the sudden disappearance of Monsieur X.'s trusted head clerk — a German boy who has been in the office for fifteen years and who knew every phase of the situation. What reason on earth could he have had for vanishing like that with all his personal belongings, not leaving one trace behind to show that such a person had ever been? Odd, but certainly done with studied thoroughness.

This afternoon we sat at the end of the garden by the little lake, listless and content to do nothing. The air was ominously still, as I remember it now, and the sun beat down through a yellow haze. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, huge drops of rain began to fall. You can imagine that we scurried up the path as fast as possible, past the old oak, and reached the terrace just before the very heavens opened in a flood and

a great shaft of lightning, like a sword, swept down from the sky straight to the oak tree, crushing it completely. My hand trembles a little as I write tonight — it was the suddenness of the onslaught which unnerved me, I suppose, for it was a curious thing that there were no signs of approaching storm except the dull yellow light which we did not notice then.

There was a small dinner this evening and the table was beautiful as usual with old silver and candles which shed their warm light about — all lovely and luxurious. Monsieur R., M.P., did his best to draw out the political opinions of the party, but conversation, quite contrary to custom, was fitful. I think every one was a little unstrung by the afternoon's experience and the air even yet is full of electricity.

During one of the unwelcome pauses of the dinner a motor came panting up the drive and "Uncle Henri" burst in, virtually hatless and coatless, fairly bristling with political news and very much annoyed that something, anything, had wrecked his normal existence for a moment. But this something which has happened is terribly serious. The French trains are not going beyond the frontier to-night, and part of "Uncle Henri's" agitation was due to this fact as he had been obliged to walk a few hundred yards to get

the Belgian train. In the excitement of such an unheard of proceeding he had plunged ponderously along in the dark and mud with his fellow-travellers and incidentally lost his luggage and his valet, the ineradicably English James. Nobody took in the seriousness of such a strange tale at first, for Uncle Henri is, before all, *très comédien.* But why was he not in Russia as he was expected to be? Very good reasons indeed, for it appears that Austria and Serbia and Germany and Russia are about to jump down each other's throats, according to widespread rumor. France, too, is writhing in suppressed excitement which one cannot understand, with conditions growing worse every minute. It would seem rather left-handed for Germany and Russia to reach around through France to cross swords.

Timid little Madame N. asked if these things might indicate War. Everybody scouted the idea and ridiculed the thought of the hard-headed, common-sense, Western world doing anything so absurd. So we will leave it to the *diplomats* to settle the difficulty. I am glad that they can.

July 31st, Friday.

Yesterday was only a preliminary to the seething in the tea-pot which exists as to-day's events

show — everybody is bewildered at the tremendous things that have started and the equally tremendous things that have stopped. What does it all mean? There is the greatest excitement aroused by the foreign news in the evening papers, announcing in glaring headlines a diplomatic rupture between Germany and Russia. So it's true! Probably your seismic stock market has already foretold coming disturbance, but for Europe it is a positive bomb. Already here in Liége not more than half of the daily four hundred and eighty trains have passed the city, and it is reported that none of these go beyond the frontier.

August 1st, Saturday.

Today the papers announce the stunning news that Germany has declared war against Russia. The report must be sufficiently authentic, for, as if by magic, the Belgian army is already gathering itself together with an almost superhuman rapidity, proof of which we have had in the masses of troops that have been passing the château all day. Yesterday, trouble was a newspaper rumor; today, deadly earnestness. And what excitement all about! The air is positively charged and the whole community is agog;

people with anxious faces accost each other in the street; farmers neglect their crops to come into town, bank clerks lay down their pens and shop doors are beginning to close.

August 2nd, Sunday.

The world has suddenly become nothing but people, and the transition from the peaceful, care-free existence of four days ago is so great that I cannot write intelligently, today, because so much is happening. Following on His Majesty King Albert's magnificent discourse [*Vive le roi!*], the spirit of a great and glorious decision has set the empire in motion. The vast machine moves — though some of the bolts creak and protest a little in their rusty coats and the earth trembles to the rhythm of tramping feet. Hundreds of soldiers and cannon have been passing all night, and this morning routes in every direction are blockaded by detachments from different regiments. There are uniforms of all types and colors, the ensemble looking like a variegated bouquet snatched hurriedly by the wayside; the sorting will come later, one doesn't ask how. The old farm at the end of the garden has been turned into a barracks, and recruits are being drilled among the apple trees in the orchard.

The excitement is intense — one treads carefully fearing to be the first to prick the bubble. The newspapers are disquieting, as it appears now that Germany will probably declare war against France, too, and is contemplating passing through Belgium by Namur or Luxembourg to the French frontier. That is a rather offensive threat, as, of course, there is the neutrality of Belgium and one cannot get away with that. We consider ourselves most lucky to be here rather than in France.

A detachment of Belgian soldier boys slept in the stables last night. Monsieur X. sent them his best cigars, and this morning, as soon as they tumbled out, they made a straight line for the kitchen whence they scented hot coffee. The good heart of the old, fat cook, who is a native of Amsterdam, was melted at once and she gave unsparingly until they flattered and coaxed her into such a state of bewilderment that even Dutch patience was at last exhausted when she saw them pouring in and pouring in and boldly attacking her sumptuous pantries *en masse*.

August 3rd, Monday.

Preparations for war are going on rapidly; scores of automobiles are racing past like mad

things, carrying Governmental messages no doubt and the Government itself, by its eternal prerogative, is commandeering for its use everybody's private property — horses, cows, automobiles, pigs, merchandise, provisions, etc. And how one gives for one's country! The men, their goods; the women, their sons. The spirit of the people is magnificent. Huge loads of hay in long processions like caravans are coming in from the country along with immense droves of cattle. In the orchard adjoining the château are already domiciled two hundred or more cows and the discordant melody from this hoarse-throated chorus, uninterrupted day or night, is driving us to madness. Indoors, we ourselves are laying in a supply of things in case of necessity and the kitchen is piled high with bags of flour, coffee, beans, tinned goods, etc., and in the pasture is a new cow. Beef will probably be the *pièce de resistance* for many a day.

Monsieur X.'s old coiffeur came out from town today. He is French and by far the most volatile person about the news of the moment that I have seen. It is like a play to hear him declaim on the situation, but, poor man, having endured the Siege of Paris for six months in 1870, he doubtless has recollections. And he makes the most of them as well as of his dramatic ability, de-

scribing in an eloquent manner how he fried rats in a saucepan, which with some spice and plenty of onion all around, he admitted, were *" pas mal du tout."* Madame X. herself was in the " Siege of Paris " in 1870 and is therefore taking thought.

These details of the equipment and provisioning of the army will be as interesting to you as they are engaging to us here in the midst of it, for they are not commonly even included in a rapid conception of " War " though being in reality the biggest part of it.

What masses of convoys and munitions! They must constitute that same impressive " impedimenta " that one used to read about in Cæsar's Wars which by its unfailing late arrival constantly threw the old Romans into such a frightful *dépit*. But happily, in this case, it comes first instead of last.

The whole world seems to be changing place like sand on a moving disc and my mind is losing its grip on what is real — it's a curious feeling. Madame X. and her family, like everybody else, are extremely anxious, as one would naturally be with his country, his home and his future in peril, but I, in my superb (what shall I say?) Americanism or optimism, am sure it will come out all right: nevertheless I feel confused.

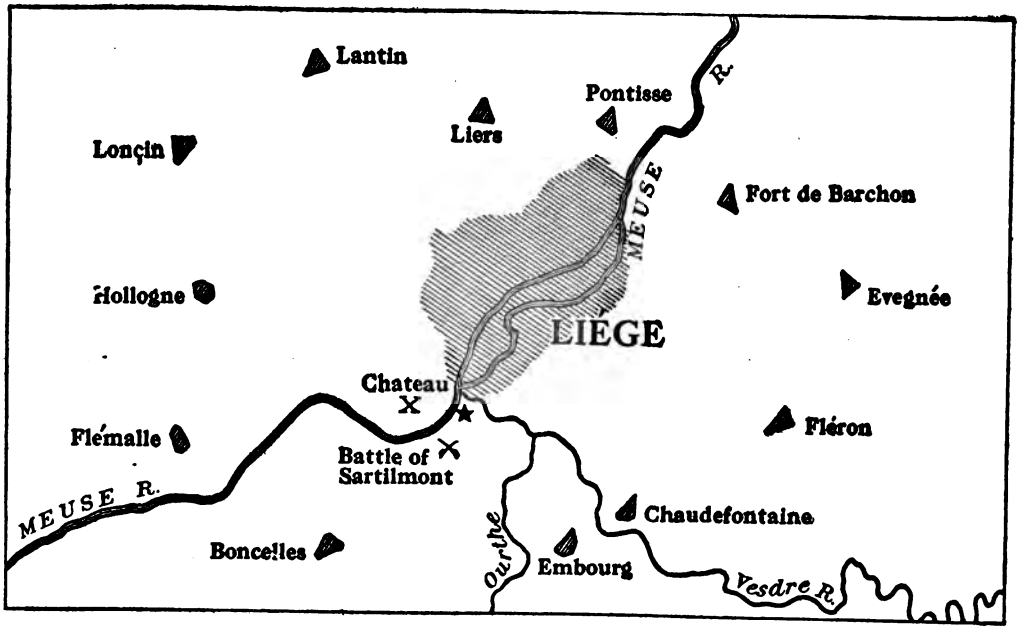
August 4th, Tuesday.

The situation, already grave, has taken a definite turn. Germany is going to attack France through Belgium. Completely ignoring the neutrality of the latter, she demands to "just pass through peaceably," but being refused permission, so much the worse for those who are in the road. Personally speaking, I should say we are decidedly in the road — Aix-la-Chapelle — Liége — Namur. Don't you think the crow would agree with me?

We saw a charming spectacle this morning if anything connected with war can be so called,— a little company of *mitrailleuses-à-chien,* that is, small, shrapnel gun carriages drawn by the famous Belgian dogs. It sort of made my heart crinkle up to see those magnificent animals, detailed for fatal duty without doubt, pushing on so joyously. Straining in the traces and really smiling with their great tongues hanging out, they were performing their work, proud as Punch, and eager to get on.

In the afternoon we were suddenly startled by the booming of nearby cannon. I shall never forget the first sound of it! It might have been the Last Trumpet and we didn't know that it was not. My soul turned sick and seemed to be tumbling down a fathomless abyss while a pair of

unprejudiced eyes watched its descent. Please do not think I am not serious — it is a moment when one meets things face to face and the inevitable is happening. We hear that the firing is for the purpose of demolishing houses and churches before the forts, which might in any way obstruct the range of the guns. Did I explain that Liége is encircled by twelve forts, built about twenty-eight years ago under the personal direction of Général Brialmont? They are on the same principle as those of Namur and Bucharest, and are large affairs of concrete, sunk three stories under ground and furnished with elaborate electrical apparatus. Covering and protecting the cannon are automatic, armored cupolas, rising and falling with the modern, disappearing guns. Here is a tiny, freehand map which will give you an idea of the country as well as the situation of Château d'A——, where I am and which is just between the city and the enceinte of forts. A shell overreaching this latter, from the enemy's field cannon, would, I should say, tumble right into our "zone." But we do not even admit of such a possibility in speaking to each other. Isn't it funny how we continue to deceive ourselves and life is a sham to the last throw?



MAP OF LIÉGE WITH THE TWELVE SURROUNDING FORTS

Général Brialmont warned the Government when the forts were under construction, that if it could not maintain an army sufficiently strong to defend the open country between them, he was building them for the Germans. That statement revived suddenly, gives rise to an apprehension hitherto unfelt by the *Liégeois*, who have absolute faith in the impregnability of Liége.

Madame X's oldest son, Monsieur S., and his wife, arrived tonight from France by auto. They would never have been able to get here if Monsieur S. had not the royal seal on some state papers which he was bringing from the Belgian Embassy in Paris. Was there ever such a wildly exciting ride, plunging through two battle lines (French and Belgian) into massed formations everywhere? Nevertheless Madame S. said she used to fall asleep from sheer fatigue during the long drives in the blackness of the night or when they were stopped for hours at a time to identify even a king's messenger.

August 5th, Wednesday.

I wonder what you are thinking of events, at home? You will marvel that I can write at such length when the very skies seem to be pressing down upon us. But it is the greatest relaxation

possible and a kind of safety valve. It makes me think of some lines of Shakespeare where different conditions "oft make the wise dumb and teach the fool to speak." So I write on. The news we get may not be altogether authentic, as we receive nothing now except by word of mouth. By report it seems that England, France and Russia are prepared to defend the neutrality of Belgium with their armies. Liége is now in a state of siege with the Prussians before the forts. Commerce in the city has ceased completely with the railroad, telegraph, telephone, post, tramcars, newspapers, shops and factories. Can you understand what that means? At one time or another in our lives most of us have been the victim of a social condition called a "strike"—horribly inconvenient circumstances, when the mail-man did not come, for instance, or train service was laid off or the electric light went out for a time. But these instances were all individual, that is, they happened separately, while here the whole Universe has shut down together. I could not make you comprehend the criticalness of our position. I feel as if we were suspended by the finest thread between heaven and earth, for there is nothing very solid under our feet and only a sea of ether over our heads. This description is wholly inadequate to interpret the sensation or

the uncertainty. Can you imagine what it would be like? I cannot exactly say I feel "fear"; perhaps I cannot define fear; but a heaven-sent optimism buoys me up. In our journeys 'round, having previously experienced cold plunges in the dark, the fascination of "chance" lets us hope.

"War!" What other lone factor could bring about at the same moment, such circumstances, the absolute cessation of every living element of our existence? I know that you will be amused at my sudden plunging into the psychological realm, but it all makes me wonder. Oh, our dear civilization and the convenient things we are used to! A puff of smoke, a hostile shot and they are gone. And here we are, groping like the veriest savage for a hole to hide in and something to eat. I assure you, nothing else occupies us for the moment. How is it that the whole house of cards falls down together? In all these centuries of Struggle and Learning and Science and Dissent has nobody found a common leaven for bread?

It is not yet decided if we shall go to Brussels considering what is rather sure to happen. Several days ago large quantities of gasoline were buried in the garden under the shrubbery in the event of our leaving quickly by automobile. However, Brussels is an open city and it is a

question if we would be as well off there as here in this strongly fortified place.

But Dieu! If they do come —? There is the sub-cellar of the château whose fine arches and solid vaulting two hundred years old, would hold even if the house were burned down about our ears. But no! To be suffocated under burning ruins, no, no! We will not think of that!

A moment of reckless mirth assails me: I want to scream! I feel like the fair Dido mounting her funeral pyre.

One other hiding place has been thought of. Up in the woods on the hill-side is a long tunnel about four feet in diameter which conducts a tiny mountain stream down to the lake. It is dark and wet. Could we stay there on our knees in the water for many hours, perhaps days? Heavens! It is unthinkable. Let us die in the open, if die we must.

I am writing this morning in my room, which looks out on the highroad and the hurrying troops. It is not a time that one would choose for composition, but I want you to get as vivid an impression as possible of events as they occur, *et enfin,* I must do something. The booming of cannon has commenced again, which is sufficiently frequent and of a certain terrifying decision to assure us that fighting has really begun.

This ceased during the early evening and we went to bed in peace. That is, we went to bed. Madame X.'s oldest son was detailed for sentinel duty on the little road at the side of the château leading up to the plateau from where the sound of guns came during the day. Monsieur J., the other son, with a friend of his, was carrying messages from one fort to another in his auto, miraculously scooting between the shots.

About 10 P. M. we were violently awakened by furious sounds of shots in the distance which must have been rifle fire and which grew more and more distinct, gradually becoming incessant like a long, uninterrupted drum roll — the machine guns, I suppose. These frightful noises, increased in volume by the minute and coming on and on in our direction, were shortly right over the hill above us. The bullets rained like hail and shells shrieked and split the universe from end to end. We lay in our beds, trembling, while utter terror seized us as the fracas would subside a little and then roll nearer and nearer in a perfect deluge of horrible sounds. Suddenly in the middle of it all a terrific blast rent the air; the forts had entered into this hideous contest! Oh the joy of it! I hardly breathed between their shots which seemed centuries apart and in

reality were only a few minutes, for I thought, now, surely the struggle must end; no enemy can long withstand their mighty will. But the battle lasted all night with increasing fury. The roar and din were beyond words, the concerted effort of four forts, the giant field cannon, machine guns and rifles. My heart stands still when I remember the thundering of those forts, the premeditated destruction, the finality which each boom! bespoke, and the thousands of human beings up there fighting like madmen. The latter, in the wild confusion of fire, battle and the blackness of the night, finished by shooting into each other by mistake as their officers were cut down in their midst.

About 2 A. M. we all gathered in Madame X.'s sitting-room. Suddenly, quite unconscious of any definite purpose, I remember pulling on the light. Monsieur X., aghast, said, "Mademoiselle, put it out quickly. They might see it through the dark and aim for it."

What a night! and what visions we conjured up of the invincible Prussians, drunk with blood and battle ready for any atrocity, plunging down the hill into our own garden. The sound of the guns was so near that Monsieur X. thought the battle must be in the open on his own property

just above the hill. As a matter of fact it was only three kilometres away, on the plain of Sartilmont.

August 6th, Thursday.

Rain came with the light. That gentle pattering on the sod, after the tumult of the night, was the sweetest sound I ever heard. It was just as if Nature had put out Her mother's hand over the earth to soothe its troubled breast. Was she pleading for that mercy which drops as Her own gentle tears from Heaven?

During the morning the road in front of the château was filled with Belgian troops, bedraggled with mud, trying to regain order. And there they halted for hours and hours in the rain — an absolute picture of dejection. Even the horses imbibed the general despair as they stood there, heads drooping, their manes stirring in the wind. That must be the hard part of it — waiting for orders; but they did it well, no impatience nor fretting, just obeying the command, their very immobility carving them a niche in the landscape. These men had been fighting for several days and, bowed down as they were with the wet and misery of it all, made a shocking contrast to fresh troops of cavalry which passed at the same

time, brandishing long, dramatic looking lances. And Félix, the second gardener, who is one of these "*lanciers,*" came to say good-bye in the elegant uniform of his regiment and looking very smart in white trousers and short blue jacket — in fact, a man transformed.

I had always seen him in wooden sabots and blue apron coaxing this flower and that into bloom, but he had never been a great success at it. When his elder brother died, he had wished, so much, to replace him as head-gardener, so his master let him try for a little and he had failed, indifferently. But here was a soldier-man, stout heart and valiant sword, eager to serve his King. This time he will not fail but will meet his opportunity more than half way.[1] All day Red Cross ambulances and every kind of vehicle were hurrying by, bringing the wounded from the battlefield. Madame X.'s family physician stopped in on one of his trips for a moment's respite from the awfulness up there — his description of those scenes is too terrible to write about. The carnage was awful — pieces of bodies scattered about everywhere, the wounded writhing in their death agony and the dead standing up straight against masses of dead.

In the evening, indistinct sounds of a far off

[1] Not heard of again.

battle could be heard as the struggle moved on to another quarter. Nearer, we heard the trailing of heavy artillery down the mountain and against our will the thought formulated itself, "Will that wave of terror roll back to us?" Our ears have developed an abnormal acuteness, so that almost a pin falling will make taut nerves scream, though in reality nobody moves — a glance is enough to both ask and answer a question. A marvelous new self-possession seems to have come to everybody which bridges over a natural despair and forms, at least, a skeleton framework by which we keep each other up.

August 7th, Friday.

More or less booming from the forts all day. As communications of every kind have been cut off, we cannot know what is happening. But where is the assistance so direfully needed, promised by both France and England to poor little Belgium with the great German army moving on Liége? Everybody has faith, however, in the Allies, and in the streets it is pathetic to hear people assuring each other, "*O, oui, les Français viennent ce soir*" (Oh, yes, the French are coming to-night). There are many German troops in town already, who somehow have pushed their

way in between the firing, but the city will not cede the forts, so the bombardment may begin at any moment. I cannot define my impressions — some day I may be able to, but just now I do not know what they are. Happily the château is on the edge of the city and there is a certain quiet at present, but in town pandemonium reigns. Men, women and children are fleeing in all directions with their few most precious possessions tied up in a bundle. And where are they going to, the poor things, with all roads in the country choked up, soldiers and trenches everywhere?

August 8th, Saturday.

This morning we walked through the garden to service in the little village church. For a short moment a welcome calm stole over us in the quiet of those walls, but how sinister to hear the eternal boom of cannon between the words of the Mass. All the bridges of the city are mined and guarded. The five days given Liége by the Prussians to surrender are up tonight. What will tomorrow bring forth? The Belgians have blown up the tunnel at Trois Ponts, near the German frontier, as well as the railroad in many places, which will impede the enemy's advance considerably, and great trees have been cut down

across the roads in all the country roundabout.

Mère Gavin came hobbling down the path from the top of the hill this evening to tell us of the astonishing experience she had this afternoon when a peasant came to her old hut and offered to buy her cow. Now as her cow is her most precious possession and her sole support she refused at once, tho' frightened at her own boldness. The stranger, however, was rather insistent and asked if she would rent the cow, then, for fifty francs an hour? Was there ever a queerer offer? Of course fifty francs was a gold-mine to Mère Gavin, so she accepted, and was fairly overcome when the man laid down three hundred francs on the table and told her to keep them for him. Then he drove the cow away over the hills while Mère G. sat staring stupidly at her gold. After a time he came back (with the cow) and said, "Old One, three hours after I have gone, you can tell your people that the red *pantalons* (French soldiers) will be here in forty-eight hours." Was that not a clever way for a French Scout to find out the lie of the land?

August 9th, Sunday.

Some of the Prussians have succeeded in penetrating into the city, tho' the forts have not sur-

rendered, and are already establishing martial rule. Aeroplanes, with the wings turned back, *Taubes,* have been flying about all the morning. In the afternoon we went up over the hill to the plain of Sartilmont, the battlefield of Wednesday night. All along the road were heaps of uniforms, some quite new, probably taken from the dead. Those horrid limp things made me shiver with their lifelessness, and the spirit of death, everywhere, seemed to close us in. Countless numbers of haversacks were strewn about, doubtless cast away by the soldiers to disencumber themselves in falling quickly back from one position to another. In them, generally, was a change of underwear, light boots, hard biscuit, canned meats and confiture. Already a flock of human ravens was collected about the piles of débris, sorting out what was good to take and collecting fragments of bread for a happy repast. It was sickening to see, when possibly some of those brave, dead soldiers were lying, yet unburied, in the nearby hedges and ravines. Arrived at the little village we saw destruction a plenty. The inhabitants all had terrorstricken countenances and yet in their desire to please, literally fell over each other in haste to tell and show. Some of the buildings were entirely demolished, others with doors hacked up and win-

dows broken, while everywhere houses and trees were riddled with bullets. One old peasant woman told me that she and fifty others were imprisoned for twenty-four hours by the Germans in a tiny stable, without food or drink, and for no apparent reason.

The battlefield on the top of a ridge of hills between the Ourthe and the Meuse is a large plain, around the edges of which lay scores of magnificent trees cut down in haste to give unobstructed range. Their branches had been previously soaked in *pétrole* and set on fire. The effect of those prostrate, charred monsters added to the desolation all around. Across the end of the plain were those famous open trenches of "two stories," that is, with about a two-foot elevation of earth in the bottom against the front wall of the ditch, forming a kind of platform for the soldiers when taking aim.

These were dug by the soldiers and men from the factories of Liége. In front of the trenches were constructed those marvellous, barbed wire fences, about one and one half metres apart and perhaps five rows deep, with the wire twisted and wound in every conceivable fashion. Thirty feet in front of this barrier was buried a string of mines, connected with the trenches by an electric wire, to be exploded at a given moment.

Dark as the night was, the enemy found and severed some of these communications so that most of the mines were rendered ineffective. We saw the cut wire in several places. What hope can those poor soldiers have, enemy or no, the advance guard of the besiegers, who are pushed forward often at the point of the bayonet, armed only with huge scissors to cut through such an almost impenetrable defense?

A most touching sight was the graves of thirty Belgians in one end of these trenches. Does that not seem a terrible irony to be buried in one's own trenches? A few common, wayside flowers were strewn on the graves, in front of which was an old prayer-stool and a wooden cross surmounted with a Belgian *képi* (military cap). This cap seemed a living thing almost and reminded me of the red fez so often seen on the Moslem tombs in the cemeteries of Constantinople, which seemingly strives to evoke a vital spirit from the frigid marble. Nailed to the cross was a fragment of those well-known lines of the Immortal Cæsar, "Of all the peoples of Gaul, the Belgians are the bravest." You see, the old warrior knew that long ago.

Near by was a small, shrapnel gun carriage, by which stood a toothless, old man who told, in that excruciating *Wallon* tongue, a pathetic story

of one of the dogs which had probably drawn it. His mate doubtless was killed in battle, but he returned three days later, lay down beside the broken wheels and defied anyone to approach.

Monday, August 10th.

Monsieur S. came home to-day laden down with bags of gold like Ali Baba. How he is going to do away with it so that the ferret eyes of the enemy will not spy it out, is a problem to me. And I do not want it explained for I am sure I should look right into the forbidden corner at the wrong moment and give the secret away.

Although there are thousands of German soldiers who have come into the city and who control it, they are like rats in a trap. On account of the twelve surrounding forts they cannot leave it and for the same reason no one can come to their aid. So they have mounted machine guns in corner houses of many streets and it is horrible to see those deadly mouths gaping out of the windows. In case of an uprising among the civilians the soldiers' revenge will be to kill the women and children. But no! that is not possible in these days, from men who are neither savages nor Turks.

A heavy cannonading began at 4.30 A. M.— it

literally tore us from sleep, for it seemed as if the very house were tumbling down about our ears and the singing and whizzing of those big shells was *bizarre,* to put it mildly. One did not know whether to get up or efface one's self in the blankets. I remember having the utmost confidence in the headboard of my bed, which was toward the window. But that did not obliterate the siren whistle of those big shells and the moment of suspense between the lightning and the thunder. After each deafening burst I kept reiterating to myself, "Saved again," as one would repeat a chronological table of something important. About 8.00 A. M. we straggled into the breakfast room — all of us rather lifeless and with very white faces and little appetite for either eating or talking. There seemed to be only one thing to say, which was, "Did you hear that?" It was the same sensation again of the thread between heaven and earth. I wonder if it will break!

This afternoon we took a little walk into the city along the river, Madame X., her two sons — Monsieur S. and Monsieur J., her daughter, Baronne de H., and myself. We passed several Prussian guards on the bridges and Monsieur S. talked with one of them. It appears that the men are very disheartened. This man said he

had started with a company of seven hundred soldiers and entered Liége with sixty four. That's what it means to "take cities without difficulty" — and nobody remembers the seven hundred mothers, or wives, or children that are left. The burgomaster has received some most sensational news from Brussels, but it is too ridiculous to be believed.

Tonight is still and Nature is beautiful in the moonlight. Is it the calm before the storm? Here in the château we are comfortable with plenty to eat and faithful servants. In town one is not so lucky as a cousin of Madame X. is quartering forty soldiers and ten officers at table who are not — or rather, who are a little argumentative, and we have heard of some instances where the "host" and "hostess" have had to sleep in the garret or the cellar or wherever they could, while the best rooms are appropriated by the *militaires*. Blankets, etc., are also being requisitioned from many houses.

It is reported that Général Léman narrowly escaped being captured recently when he was lunching in the court of the Café —— in town. His companions-in-arms suddenly became aware of four men in strange uniform who were approaching, and gave the alarm. Général Léman succeeded in getting over the wall of the garden

while the others engaged the spies in a hand-to-hand fight and overcame them.

August 11th, Tuesday.

Invincible Liége! People are still firm in their faith, encouraged by the peace of the morning. The day was quiet until 6.00 P. M., when furious shooting into the valley began. We saw the great shells bursting in the air and between the clouds of smoke we could distinguish an old monastery on the other side of the valley which was being shot to pieces by the enemy's field-cannon. The structure changed shape half a dozen times before our eyes and the setting sun concentrated, as if purposely, all its rays on the windows which made them blaze forth through all that fury like the veritable Hand of God, writing in fire. It seemed almost like a premonition.

Pressure from those tremendous guns could remodel mountains, and Nature herself, sometimes, cannot hold out against the fiendish ingenuity of man. And the city, itself! Can it hold out?

In the garden, very near the foot of the mountain, is the old farmhouse, in one corner of which is a little chapel whose door stands open the year round. It is of particular interest to the peas-

ants, being the last relic of a certain superstitious legend of the countryside. The people come from miles around, crossing the fields by a little path which they themselves have beaten down, to kneel before this tiny altar; and on the last Sunday in May, the annual fête, the priests, leading a religious procession which starts from the church, say Mass there. This year, May 31st, 1914, the head gardener, who is the indisputable authority on floral subjects in the village, borrowed everything from the conservatory and gardens that he could lay his hands on in the way of decoration. He arranged the semi-circle in front of the little chapel very artistically with branches of leaves, palms and hundreds of pansies which the day before had been uprooted from the terraces of the château to make room for the red, summer geraniums.

At ten o'clock this Sunday morning the usual fusillade and tolling of bells announced the departure of the procession from the church. It passed slowly along by the highroad and presently we heard a chorus of young voices singing hymns — the girls and boys of the village: the music was soft and illusive in the distance, developing a sweet crescendo as they turned into the pasture, fairly plowing their way through a sea of daisies. Behind them came two little aco-

lytes, fair as angels, swinging their golden incense lamps; then followed six choir boys, chanting the Mass, like veritable della Robbias, in their red soutanes and exquisite, white, lace surplices. Next were the clergy, in robes of cloth of gold and rare Flemish lace, carrying the Host under a purple velvet canopy. The village people followed on in quiet devoutness and, arrived at the chapel, placed lighted candles in the sconces at each side of the grille door. When the Mass was said and the last plaintive notes had died away, little children came forward and heaped their thousand-colored bouquets before the altar. It was an impressive ceremony and must, by its charming simplicity, leave a mark on many a worldly heart.

Today, August 11th, 1914, at dusk, as the cannon had ceased firing, we took a little recreation, following the paths on the mountainside; looking down from a height of perhaps one hundred feet through the trees, we saw the little chapel gleaming like a beacon in the dark, dozens of blinking candles pinioned against the black walls. The grille door was woven with nosegays, making a curtain of flowers which partially concealed the altar beyond.

Before it, stretching up supplicating hands, many women knelt, bowed down with grief and

despair, and children, awed by recent memories, stood immovable in their places. Poor, poor people! Some of them in spite of their unwavering faith must drink the bitter cup so near at hand.

August 13th, Thursday.

It is true that one gets inured to danger (particularly if one has not so far been hit) and after a week of the bombardment, we have a distinct feeling of annoyance at being disturbed at an unearthly hour every morning by the screeching and bursting of shells.

About four A. M. we were awakened by another terrifying whizzing and exploding of bombs as if we were in the very midst of a battlefield. This lasted about three hours and all we could do was wait. I often wonder if it's as hard for the men to go off to war as it is for the women to stay. The battle was inconceivably furious this morning. If you could imagine five hundred of the worst thunderstorms, shaken up together, that you ever experienced, you would arrive at a mild notion of the tumult, not counting the apprehension, the danger and that terrifying voice in the whistling trail of every shell which sings, "This time I'll get you." At four this afternoon the

Fort of Chaudefontaine fell, blown up by the Prussians. Between four and six o'clock the firing ceased.

It was an evening of ineffable beauty and the garden looked so lovely in its mantle of roses, the little lake at the foot with its white swans and the wooded mountain rising up almost from its waters — a picture of calm and contentment. We were there taking a long breath after the nightmare of the day, when the young gardener rushed in from the village with the news that thirty of the soldiers in the fort, wounded and burned beyond recognition, were being brought into the Sisters' Convent, which had been turned into a Red Cross Ambulance hospital.

The shells from the great field pieces of the enemy falling upon the forts had shattered the cupolas and had caused them to fall in upon the Belgians who were thus imprisoned and barely escaped suffocation from the poisonous gases of the exploding shells. The electric wires were cut immediately so that the poor things who were entrapped three stories underground groped about in the dark some time before they at last found the stairs which led them up through shot and flame and gas to the air.

Gathering some old linen together we fairly flew across the field to the convent and stopped

short, staggered by what we saw. Never on this earth could one imagine so horrible a sight as those thirty charred bodies with no suggestion of faces — just a flat, swollen, black surface, with no eyes, nose nor mouth. Some of the wounded lay on beds, others in the middle of the floor or wherever there was space, and each was holding up hands burned to the bone. The room was dimly lighted, a hushed quiet reigned except for an occasional stifled groan of pain or a sigh of concern from the villagers or the swish of the black garments of those ministering angels, the nuns, as they fluttered about among the suffering; their white coifs, like a halo, contrasting them with that other Angel, whose black wings, indeed visible, already shadowed his chosen.

August 14th, Friday.

One has hoped against hope, but the worst has happened and the people are despondent. Liége is certainly in the hands of the Prussians. They have been pouring into the city all day and most of the forts have either been destroyed by the German field artillery or been blown up by their defenders rather than surrender. We nursed the soldiers all day — if last night was horrible I could not find the words to describe what the day-

light revealed, or the awful odor of burned flesh when the wounds were redressed. It was pitiful to see the courage of the poor men — the Belgians are brave not only on the battle field. With lips too seared to articulate, they would try to speak and one could occasionally catch an indistinct "*de l'eau,*" or a half-formed "*Merci, chère Soeur,*" but never a moan or a groan.

At night, as we were wearily returning home, the young footman, with ashen face, met us halfway down the steps and announced that there would be Prussian officers at dinner who were already quartered in the château. We were nearly too tired to be impressed at this as one naturally would, at least, be moved in one sense or another, but we did inwardly wonder what the keynote might be at table.

At eight o'clock dinner was served. Madame X.'s daughter and I, after such a scrubbing and disinfecting, came down the last ones and stepped into a veritable playworld of the Middle Ages with the most beautiful setting — a large salon, opening out onto the terrace, with old, Flemish-wood fire-place and raftered ceiling, Japanese bronzes, rugs from the Orient, soft lamps and portraits of dear grandmothers, in the beauty of their youth, smiling out from their golden frames on the walls. As we came into the

room from the brightly lighted hall, a semi-circle of gray-green coats rose right up out of the dimness and we were blinded by a vision of shining buttons, polished boots, gleaming swords and a military salute accompanied by clinking spurs. At the end of the room stood Madame X. and her sons waiting for us. Naturally there were no presentations and the moment was unique in the extreme — nobody moved for a second which seemed like a decade and nobody spoke, so all there remained to do was to acknowledge the salute with a semi-circular bow.

Dinner was an odd affair tho' it went off not so badly. Madame X., in her proud Russian beauty and her admirable control of the conditions, was superb. I never admired anybody so much, for it is not easy to entertain at one's board an enemy who has just usurped home and country, but her extraordinary charm and dignity gave the situation its note and the " guests " were everything that was agreeable. We talked of generalities, as well as " War," in four languages (Russian, French, English and German) with much the same *sang-froid* as the juggler who tosses knives and, when the meal was done, thanked Heaven that nobody had launched a tactless bomb which might have plunged us into a boiling sea. There was nothing particularly boastful in their

conversation, though at times a certain assured reference to "Paris in a fortnight" crept in, which we found difficult to digest — in fact I was furious. Paris, indeed! Beautiful Paris! My neighbor at table on the right was a man of perhaps fifty-eight years, rather gray and grandfatherly, with such nice, blue eyes. Prefacing all his remarks with a nervous little cough to fix my attention, he would launch with difficulty one or two phrases in restricted French followed by a few straggling words in English and finally finished up with a burst of voluble German. It was a work of art to understand him, but I arrived panting — at least I had that sensation, and it is not the first time I have given thanks for a woman's natural intuition. Then I decided to lead out next — anyway I wanted to get him started on "War" without precipitating an international difficulty and I asked him as stupidly as possible (perhaps I did not need to simulate that) if he liked "War." He hesitated just a second and I was prepared for the usual self-respecting denial when he horrified me by answering a simple "Yes." *Voila, le sentiment prusse!*

Afterward when we went into the salon all the officers, commencing with the superior, came up to Madame X. and kicking their spurs together with the habitual *"Danke, Frau,"* kissed our

hands all around. The youngest soldier among them was a handsome boy of about twenty-two years, who interested me rather, because he was different — even his boots were different and he truly had a striking manner, though very gracious. I am convinced that he was a prince of a reigning house. The atmosphere had a way of parting in rapid waves when he came in and dropping behind him like an impervious shield when he went out. Fair, young Achilles! Will a fatal arrow attain his charméd person?

August 15th, Saturday.

We took care of the wounded all day: it is the most heartrending spectacle to see those poor, black heads lying there on their pillows. They were so shapeless and immovable, I had almost begun to look upon them as without life like charred logs, when, after finishing a dressing this morning, I was startled by a hearty, "*Merci, chère Soeur.*" Oh, the joy of it! That brightened the whole scene and flooded me with hope. Then they have not lost their intelligences, they aren't mere pieces of wood and one day when their poor flesh has rejuvenated itself, they will be given back to real life — and their country, again.

The village people and the Sisters were so ardent in their desire to help that dressings well covered with ointment sometimes fell from their eager fingers onto grimy blankets or flopped, butter side down, so to speak, upon the floor; which did not disconcert anyone but me, whose modern prophylactic soul rattled and shook with horror as the recalcitrant bandage was gaily redeemed from its dusty resting-place and applied as originally intended.

It seemed as if I must remonstrate, but the dear whole-hearted helper was so sure that her dressing would cure and the patient was so overwhelmingly grateful for the trouble she took to pick it up for him, that I was dumb before their exquisite faith.

Here was something too big for my stilted aseptic advice and it occurred to me, suddenly, that perhaps there *are* many things yet undreamed of in our philosophy.

All day long the troops in an endless chain have been passing on the highroad before the château. The air was full of mingled sounds, as, for example, the singing of the soldiers in the distance, which sounds like the droning of bees far away and always heralds an advance of troops; the rhythmic shuffling of feet, the thud of horses' hoofs, the chugging of autos which carry the su-

perior officers, and the heavy wheels of the gun carriages with their clanking chains. Their order, equipment and discipline are admirable to see.

All their apparel is new, as one of the officers told Monsieur D. at Spa. Uniforms, boots, belts, saddles, bridles and even buttons — all new and spic and span for a triumphal entry into Paris. Each man carries two sets of buttons, one for field service (negligible) and the other, shining brass ones, for the review down the Champs Elysées.

All the officiers wear a tiny card-board map of Belgium about (3″ x 4″), hung on their coat buttons and every soldier has embossed on his belt plate "*Gott mit Uns.*" At dinner the officers were very entertaining; the ice was somewhat broken, at least, we knew better what piece was safe clinging to and we managed to exchange some ideas. It is rather odd how few of these educated men speak French. In fact, it is so odd that it makes us suspicious and cautious. Monsieur J. attacked the captain with this question, as a leader, "when he thought the war would be over?" (This being the second week of it.) His answer was *net* and forbade argument — "We shall be 'home' by Christmas, or Easter at the latest." But he did have the grace to congratulate the Belgian army on its stout defense of

Liége, for instead of the two days given the Germans by their Emperor to capture it, they had been constrained to take nearly two weeks at it.

August 16th, Sunday.

A warm, beautiful morning. As Madame de H. and I walked through the garden and the wood to the little convent ambulance, it was difficult not to contrast smiling Nature with the frightful scenes of which, in a few minutes, we would be a part. The awful stench of burned flesh met us half a block away and congealed my courage as I walked, for it permeates everything. We can even taste it, it clings in our hair when we go home and we are obliged to hang our nursing clothes out of the window all night. I felt as if I must run away from it and those terrible dressings, reeking with purulence, where ears and eyelids and lips come off and fingers and hands peel like a glove.

Then I thought of the patience of those brave fellows and the pain and awfulness of living it. The fortitude and devotion of the village men and women are beyond praise — they come day after day to help in the nursing, some spending the night, turn and turn about. Especially the tenderness of the men for their "*camarades*" is one

of the sweetest things I ever saw, for they are as gentle and capable in their care as any woman could possibly be.

Prussian troops continue to pass and it is a wonderfully impressive sight; infantry in gray-green khaki, singing, always singing their famous *"Wacht am Rhein"* and other folk songs: the *Uhlans,* on beautiful prancing horses, with their long lances and gray-blue capes fluttering in the wind; *chasseurs* in light green; *"Hussars de la Mort"* with the death's head emblem in the front of their high fur hats and endless companies of artillery with their huge field cannon, each drawn by six magnificent horses. On the gun carriages sit four gunners back to back, still as statues, with arms folded as if on parade. It was for all the world like a circus when the procession goes twice around the ring before commencing the serious business of the entertainment.

Dinner was gay tonight (one is obliged to make the best of a bad affair) and the officers as men of the world were interesting and in unusually good spirits.

The Captain, a little facetiously, took up the menu and, drawing a tiny note-book and pencil from his pocket, proceeded to copy it in French, soliciting Madame X.'s aid *en passant.*

A curious fact occurred to me as I sat there

looking down both sides of the table, how much alike they were — it seems as if they must even think the same thoughts to resemble each other so much. As their heads were closely cropped, outlines were baldly apparent, low forehead sloping back to a narrow crown and all set upon a bulwark of neck. They must surely have been struck in the same mould. Though forceful, none of them were good-looking except the young one, of whom I have spoken, and his face in repose was shockingly cruel. They are expecting marching orders in the morning and are probably eager to ride on to victory (?). They bade us good night and good-bye by kissing our hands as usual, a click of spurs, a military bow and very gracious thanks to Madame X. for her hospitality.

August 17th, Monday.

About half-past three in the morning I was wakened from a sound sleep by a commotion in the court under my window. Impatient horses were pawing the ground and a voice exactly like a snarling dog was hurling out orders — I peeped out cautiously and saw that the snarling dog was the amiable captain who copied the menu last night.

The officers left at four A. M. Fort Lançin fell today and Général Léman, commander-in-chief of the army here, was taken prisoner. Thousands of soldiers have passed as usual. In the afternoon a company of Prussians arrived, whose captain had mistaken the route, which put him in an abominable humor, having made his men march fifty miles out of their way and also risking a court-martial on his own account. He ordered Monsieur S. to open the garage door, in the hope of lodging his men there for the night. Unluckily the chauffeur, being absent, had the key, which plunged his Military Highness into a towering rage and he placed Monsieur S. at once under arrest between two soldiers, *baionnette-au-canon,* while the others battered in the door with the butt of their guns. Not finding sufficient quarters for two hundred men, he marched Monsieur S. away, as guide, half a mile down the road to a neighbor's.

That excitement had hardly quieted down when another batch of officers arrived at dusk, demanding lodgings for the night. These men were a rough type, altogether different from the preceding ones. About eight o'clock as we, the women, were waiting in the library for dinner to be announced, we heard a tremendous stamping of heavy boots and spurs and a snarl of angry voices

just over our heads. Baronne de H., brave little woman as she always proved herself to be, flew up the stairs in a flash and found her brothers at the end of the hall between two orderlies with fixed bayonets, trying to pacify seven officers who were disputing angrily and were just about to enter one of the private apartments — in fact their father's room. She addressed them in a few vehement words — "I forbid you to enter the room of my father, who has been dead only a week." Then she added that the other soldiers who had been here were gentlemen and that she expected them to be. They were cowed at once and all humility, begging pardon properly. They pleaded fatigue for their rudeness and said "certainly they expected to be gentlemen, too." Wasn't that comical? They were ill at ease and rather sullen at dinner: and such a dinner as we had! — glacial does not express it. The captain of the band spoke English, French, Russian and German, but he could not coax anybody into conversation, for we clung to "*Oui*," or "*Non*," and stopped there. More than that, a kind of rigid fascination fixed our attention on one of their number — the tallest and lankiest, who sat down at least two feet from the table and endeavored to serve himself like that. Every mouthful was fraught with tense anxiety (for us). Happily they went to bed

early, the captain kissing our hands and asking Madame X. if she were used to that, it being the custom in Germany.

Hardly had they got under cover and we were alone again, when a hoarse cry arose in the court — it was blood-curdling to us, as every sound these days is full of terror and possibilities. But it turned out to be only the cry of the sentry. There had been promiscuous shooting along the railroad in the village and all our brave soldiers tumbled out of bed, fell down the staircase one after the other, buckling on swords as they went. It is the greatest wonder to me that we were not all shot on the spot when we stood there staring up, as one very young lieutenant descended three steps at a time with a revolver in one wobbly hand which was shaking like an aspen leaf, and a pair of field glasses in the other. I think the sudden excitement may have unnerved him and there is no doubt, this time, that the gods favored the innocent. That was the last we saw of our guests.

August 18th, Tuesday.

This morning one of them came back for some personal things, principally his watch, which, in the true, novel style, could not be found anywhere. So the *Herr leutnant* ordered a thor-

ough search and said, with a grand air, to the housekeeper that if it could not be found he would be obliged to take one of the servant's as a forfeit. Fancy!

I can see the butler's poor, old, bowed legs, now, flying up the stair-case, with a bayonet stuck in his back to expedite matters. I do not know if this threat lent an added zest to the search, but fortunately someone had the happy thought to look under the mattress (where the officer had put it himself) and there was the ill-fated timepiece calmly ticking off German minutes. I think I forgot to tell you that since the invasion we retire at ten instead of eleven o'clock, having been advised to adopt Celtic time.

Prussian troops in khaki continue to pass; will they never cease? One's spine shivers at the sight of the endless, green snake which crawls along, insinuating its greedy length into the gardens of plenty. This morning four new officers came to the château; three of them were nondescript, but the fourth, to all appearances, was an Englishman, pure blood. He spoke English absolutely without accent and had a perfect English drawing-room air. It was as funny as an impersonation and as he had appeared on the scene alone, I believe his brothers-in-arms were almost suspicious of him. After a little the story came

out. He is really a German, but has lived fifteen years in London. At the début of the war he had been obliged to take up arms against a sea of troubles, or relinquish forever his right to go back to Baden, where his parents live. Naturally he chose the former (also probably thinking that "War" was a word only) and allowed himself to be bored by circumstances. He told us some amusing tales of his having been already arrested three times for an English spy. Everybody here likes him very much and I welcomed him personally as the nearest approach to an Anglo-Saxon that I have seen in many months.

Monsieur J. and several of the representative men of the village, including *Monsieur le Curé* (a little, fat, rosy-cheeked man, adored by his flock), were taken as hostages for twenty-four hours and had to sleep in the railroad station. It was nervously comical to see Monsieur J. starting off, his valet following with a mattress on his back and a box of sandwiches in his hand against the misery of the night. But it is not so amusing to be the victim of even a threat which at any moment may take the form of a sudden reality for no reason except to terrorize honest people who are defending their homes. The enemy's way of punishing and evading future insurrection among the civilians is to take people as hostages

and shoot them if necessary, or burn the houses. This they have already done in several quarters in Liége. A few nights ago several students fired on some German officers in a café and the latters' revenge was instantaneous and terrible; they just stood eighteen men up in front of the University and shot them like dogs — then burned that section for blocks around.

Austrian artillery was passing today with their great cannon drawn by automobiles. The wheels of the gun carriages are enormous and the cannon are the biggest things we have yet seen.

August 19th, Wednesday.

Such an odd picking little noise, like a mouse, disturbed us at breakfast this A. M. Madame X. opened the door and was astonished to see a German soldier unscrewing the telephone from the wall. Her obvious surprise moved the man to explain, which was unqualifiedly this —" Madame, permit me, but we need your telephone for field service."

I suppose he may as well have it anyway for nothing so modern and useful as telephones has existed for us since August 3rd.

A group of very surly officers have " taken over " Madame R.'s château down in the country.

The moment they arrived night before last, the Colonel ordered her to bring out all her best wine, throwing her his soiled gloves to wash at the same time.

The patients at the Convent are beginning to show a little life now, though their poor, black faces are more grotesque than ever as an eye, here and there, begins to peep out from a crack in the crusted surface. They have begun to talk after a fashion, though their poor, dried lips can hardly accomplish the task. Jean, the big fellow who jumped seven metres into the ditch from Fort Chaudefontaine when it blew up, died this morning, the result of a fractured skull.

French and German aeroplanes alike have been flying over the city, dropping the most sensational circulars of the victories of their particular armies. But the news is "*trop beau*"— one cannot believe it and probably it is only destined to encourage the soldiers. It appears that the officers tell their men all kinds of extraordinary tales, to give them heart for the fight, and the poor things believe (hearing French spoken here) that they are already in France, for yesterday one of them in a passing train was heard demanding the Eiffel Tower. An officer admitted to Monsieur S. that Germany prints three newspapers — one

for the officers, one for the soldiers, and one for imbeciles. I suppose the latter means us.

August 22nd, Saturday.

Bread is being rationed out now in the village and we are allowed only two small pieces at a meal. It seems to me that I never wanted one more slice so much in my life. The soldiers have cleared out the baker's supply and he cannot get any more flour.

Monsieur S. has bought a bicycle and goes into town every morning to find out about things. Sometimes it seems as if we could hardly wait until he gets back to lunch for the news. And oh! such terrible things are happening. Some funny incidents too, intersperse themselves from time to time. During the recounting of some of these awful tales of violence and revenge which we are hearing from the little villages the young footman's knees doubled right up and nearly let him down while he was serving the table and he is getting greener and greener from day to day. He becomes absolutely petrified when the officers address him and whispers out an unintelligible something as he vanishes through a door.

The horrible carnage at Namur has begun and

we already have heard sickening accounts of it. The story, as we have had it by word of mouth, is that one of the seven forts capitulated (the city was evacuated), allowing the enemy to enter in over a tract of land which was literally sown with this famous, new *Poudre Turpin* which exploded under the feet of whole regiments at once, and the forts completed the slaughter.

Troops, troops, always troops plodding along. Their attitude could not be called determined for there is not enough mental action in it, though there does exist an indisputable tenacity which is appalling. How they lack that infectious *ardeur*, that splendid *élan* which characterizes every little *poilu!* But they just plod on like a great machine, lacking intelligence in its parts, each vital, however, to the perfectly-fitted whole.

Madame X. and I felt as if we could not sit still another minute this afternoon and, safe, or no, we decided to take a walk on the mountain-side. We could hear regiments approaching first by a faint buzzing in the distance which rounded out into song as it drew near; as an officer told us, the men often sing in four voices which is quite beautiful. Then, we became aware of a different noise, a sort of loose rumble, as if cohesion would presently not exist for the thing, whatever it was, that caused this new

note. But it was not a note, it was a disturbance which grew and grew in proportions. Madame X. and I scurried up and down the paths trying to find a vista through the trees that would disclose this monster which was moving so protestingly along the road.

I imagined it would be snorting flame and its eyes smouldering fires, but instead its eyes were neat little windows with tidy curtains, for the monster turned out to be three diminutive houses on wheels drawn by a huge motor. What their end and purpose might be, is imaginable. If it is for the comfort of the High Command *en campagne,* the great clumsy procession rivaling the speed of a snail is a heap of trouble for a little luxury.

August 24th, Monday.

Namur is taken by the Germans. Practically nothing remains of the city. A German major who was brought, wounded, to Liége, said the battle was too frightful to narrate. He entered the city with one thousand men and left it with sixty-five. Just outside the forts, where he had been stationed with two hundred horses, three bombs fell upon them at the same moment and only seven of the poor beasts remained. His

admiration for the pointing and firing of the Belgian and French cannon was unlimited.

Just before lunch this morning, two very ragged-looking individuals (Belgian civilians) came to the château. They were travel-stained indeed, just having made the journey on foot from Brussels and in a calmer era would have had some success in the rôle of common ordinary tramps. As it was, they excited a little curiosity by the suspicious way they had of looking about, and our first thought was spies until one of them, edging toward the outside of the group, made Baronne de H. understand that he had something to communicate to her. Inquiring if it were safe, he suddenly leaned down and drew out from the sole of his shoe, a piece of paper on which was written, "A banker of Brussels sends greetings — all are well." The little woman burst into a flood of tears for she realized that it was a message from her husband, one of the *Garde Civique* of Brussels. During the three, long, anxious weeks of devotion to others, I had often remarked and wondered at her courage in never mentioning her own longing and apprehension for her husband and three little children. Before we had recovered from the first onslaught of the army, she must have known, after it left here,

that it would pass their château three kilometres the other side of Brussels and what would it leave in its wake? Can you imagine her anxiety, when every day we were hearing frightful stories of children having their hands chopped off and people's heads being paraded on bayonets? But I never remember her uttering a single "I wonder," or an "I wish." Does this not bear out what the illustrious Roman said about the "Belgians," which certainly did not exclude the women? It is the grandest thing that ever could be — this response of the women to the Nation's call, for it is not just passive self-sacrifice, but impassioned co-operation.

In the afternoon Madame de H. and I went to Liége to arrange her passport for Brussels. Two of the officers who are here offered to go with us in order to facilitate an entrance into the "*Kommandatur,*" which is the general head-quarters and is in that ancient and beautiful place of the *Princes-Evêques,* onetime feudal lords of the principality of Liége. I wanted to rebel openly when I saw that wonderful court, world-famous for its beauty, which has been turned into a dépôt of supplies and barracks with horses stabled under those delicate, Gothic arches, models of purity and beauty. But to what good? Will

anything ever expiate the offense? There are also horses in the theatre and machine guns in all the upper windows.

While Madame de H. was waiting to see Count Moltke in his office, I walked about the court with one of the soldier attendants who came with us and had an opportunity of peeking through many doors which would otherwise have been closed to me. My companion, who is a wholesale grain merchant in peace times, enjoyed his authority immensely and dragged his sword, half unbuckled, on the ground, which clanked behind us and made merry music in his ears, I am sure. The whole place was a perfect beehive though there was little confusion. The soldiers were diligently counting supplies, feeding horses and sorting Belgian cannon and shells which had been captured.

On the road from Angleur to Liége we were obliged to give way to some troops which were returning from Namur. The auto stopped right in the middle of a column, which, as we heard, was a conglomeration of the tag ends of different regiments and I was almost afraid — the men peered in at us so maliciously. I have never seen such a frightening spectacle of humanity, for it was the personification of a rogues' gallery with every kind of cut-throat, brigand and robber

mixed up into a grand ensemble, toiling and perspiring, limping and crawling along in the dust and heat.

Does battle blot out the soul of a man in one savage conflict? Obviously, it is before a weary march that one finds exalted faces. But perhaps they were not desperadoes — only tired and dirty and unshaven.

It is said, however, that when war was declared, the enemy opened the doors of all the prisons and that the front ranks of the attacking forces (which were sure to be lost) were entirely composed of convicts and prisoners. And also, the officers in the regular army are so hated by their men that when they started out to conquer the world every officer was changed to a different regiment.

This evening we sat on the terrace enjoying the afterglow of the setting sun and the calmness of the garden, listening to the soldiers singing in the orchard, next. This singing in the twilight is heartbreaking and particularly melancholy, as the music is slow and has more consolation in it than the usual soul-inspiring quality of battle hymns. At intervals we heard the captain speaking with great force and enthusiasm, the hurrahs of the men, an occasional "*Vaterland, Vaterland,*" and again and ever, "*Die Wacht am Rhein.*"

August 26th, Wednesday.

Two new officers (not Prussians) of the *Landstŭrm* arrived this morning — men of fifty to fifty-five years of age. One is a hardware merchant *en civil* and has a brown beard and the asthma; the other is a lawyer, with big, blinking eyes — and they both looked as if they hated war. The "Englishman" is still here — his department is looking after supplies at the dépôt. He has borrowed all the English books in the house and sits reading all day up in the signal box at the station, so the family have named him "*Monsieur Seegnal Box*," which, with a tiny, French accent, sounds quite attractive.

We are so enthusiastic about our patients at the Convent, for they are all improving and developing personalities now. Every morning at eight-thirty we rush over there as quickly as we can to see how the poor children are getting on and who has another eye open. Nature has begun her restorative work and oh! what a satisfaction it is to see the new skin stretching out tiny shreds to bridge over the martyred flesh.

The atmosphere of the ward is gay. 'Most everybody can laugh, at least with their hearts, for stiffened lips do not all respond yet. The work has arranged itself in admirable routine, where humanity is not entirely swallowed up in

duty. There are young girls and boys who fetch basins of water, old women who roll bandages, faithful, sweet-faced matrons who bind up dreadful wounds, and strong, young men who lift, so tenderly, pain-racked bodies and who can toss a joke or a word of encouragement with equal discretion, which never fails to infuse the downhearted with their own priceless vitality. Then there is the *Mère Supérieure,* of thin, æsthetic face, who comes with a gentle word of the "Faith" for each one; the austere *Soeur Félicité,* who counts the cups and searches your soul and brings in hot coffee and a steaming ragoût; and the pretty, young *Soeur Monique,* with her uplifted face, who cannot conceal a shy admiration for big, blond Henri who rails at everything and is as lovable as a baby. Then the villagers: in the middle of the room, Monsieur B. (Secretary and Treasurer, I should say) cuts off gauze with a calculating eye at one end of a long table and at the other, rosy-cheeked Monsieur R. (painter of every house and barn in the village) stands all day long with a spatula in his hand and slaps on the ointment for dressings. There is a sort of professional twist in the gesture and his merry, little eyes glance around, not seeking but rather gathering in approval, and from under his bristling, white moustache will burst a salute for

one, a joke for another, or a reproach for another.

Here, there and everywhere he is needed, is Monsieur F., whose great, dark eyes are acquainted with pain; he is a frail, little person and the substantial man of the village, a living paradox. Just when Monsieur R. announces — dramatically waving his spatula — that that is the last ounce of boric ointment and no more peroxide in the cupboard and we are raving around and denouncing the pharmacist, Monsieur F. steps up and inquires what the trouble is, knowing full well the difficulty and also "his moment," wise man that he is. While we are swamping the situation with words, he quietly dispatches a boy to his house, who quickly reappears with huge bottles of this and that. Oh, blessed Monsieur F., who long since had made a corner in peroxide and everything else we shall need until after the war. But the despair of the moment, the heat and three, long hours of unremitting "dressings" effect a faintness of soul and a "queer" feeling we did not realize was there, until that dear, roly-poly *Soeur Anastasie* appears with a bottle of red wine, half concealed under her cape, and with a motherly, "*Ça vous fera du bien,*" (that will do you good) pours us out a generous glassful. That puts the blue in the sky again and keeps the shafts of golden sunshine

from creating zigzag patterns in our brain. Oh, Shades of my New England Ancestors! Would you say, "Better to slip down in a swoon?"— and give everybody a lot of trouble —

August 27th, Thursday.

Madame de H. and I again went to Liége early this morning about her passports. The hotels and cafés were just seething humanity, beds improvised in every corner, and I saw officers paying their hotel bills with cheques and notes. The poor proprietor blinked and swallowed hard for a moment and said nothing. The city was literally packed with troops going in all directions. *Uhlans, chasseurs,* artillery and the infantry, singing and executing that foolish-looking goose-step — it probably has its advantages, but at eight A. M. in the pouring rain it did appear ridiculous.

In the afternoon we took a walk into the country, following the railroad. The soldiers were working everywhere, putting up temporary buildings for any emergency. We saw one of those open dining halls — only three walls with a shed roof where a regiment can step out of a train to eat while another jumps quickly in and no time lost. We passed the lovely château of the Marquis de T. who is Minister Plenipotentiary

from Costa Rica. Of course, this is neutral property and flies a neutral flag, but the place is filled with officers and, according to the *maitre d'hotel,* the wine cellar is undergoing a thorough inventory.

August 28th, Friday.

This morning there was excitement at the Convent; someone was reading a three weeks' old journal to the soldiers and for a moment everybody forgot his particular aches and black heads lifted themselves from their pillows and gaunt forms swayed to and fro on shaky elbows. The lust of battle lit up wooden countenances, fire sprang from eyes yet heavily veiled by crusted lids and a fervent "*bien fait*" or "*vivent les Belges,*" trembled from heretofore silent corners.

Madame André, who comes to see her boy every day, remarked my looking at her dress which was all darned and mended in the most unaccountable places, "O, Mademoiselle," she said. "I suppose you are wondering about my waist? But wasn't it lucky I was here wth André when the troops passed through our village? The soldiers fired haphazard in the windows and the wardrobe in which my clothes were hanging

caught seven bullets and the headboard of my bed, four."

All the afternoon troops were coming back from Namur in evident haste and apparent rout, for they had such a tired, bedraggled look. About five o'clock a company with ammunition wagons, Red Cross ambulances and baggage trucks dashed madly into the orchard among the apple trees, nearly wrecking themselves and everything else. Immediately after, three officers came to the house to beg lodging for the night. They were frightful-looking individuals covered with mud and dirt, with half-grown beards and one could not tell what uniforms. They asked the most humble apartment — a corner, the floor — anything, "and, Madame, a little hot water, *s'il vous plait.*" We were sitting on the terrace tonight just before dinner when down came the three new arrivals, beautiful as the morning, shaven and shining in their gray-green uniforms, polished boots and bracelets set with precious stones — officers of the "Emperor's Own," though these men did not seem like Germans, but were much more the lighter build and elegant type of the Austrians.

They were a bit haughty at first, but dinner thawed them out and then what tales they told us; the most promising imagination could not

rival their flights in the air. They acted like people who walk in their sleep and had that same vague expression of the eye. But it is not to be wondered at, coming as they did from a frightful battlefield and fatigued by a hard march. It must be true that battle intoxicates men for these latter, being of a sensible age, did say very ridiculous things. Hitherto the officers who have been here were fairly modest though always showing an undeniable confidence, while these three openly bragged. The young lieutenant who sat next to me spoke French fluently and never stopped talking all the evening. Among countless other things, he said, "We are being sent back from Namur as Paris is taken" (ejaculation from me "I cannot believe it") "and they have no more need of us in that direction," he went on without turning a hair. "So we are *en route* for England or Russia, in the morning, to conquer the seven nations (he included Monaco in the list) who have declared war against our beloved Vaterland."

"And, Mademoiselle," he continued, "they fired on our ambulances!"

"Ah?" I answered, nonchalantly, "the Germans have already done that here."

He was a bit taken aback at this rejoinder;

then with a prodigiously sorrowful look he exclaimed in a hushed voice, *" Oui, la guerre est terrible."*

The victories they exploited on land and sea were fantastic and the funny part is, they believed thoroughly all they said. It is strange to hear serious people fabricate such yarns as they did, with as much dexterity as a spider spins its web.

August 29th, Saturday.

The ambulance was as busy as a beehive this A. M. Except for one or two, the patients are all feeling better. André, the third on the left, whose sonorous *" Merci, chère Soeur "* nearly frightened me to pieces one day, seems to be the wit and authority on all subjects — a real leader, I should say, and *drôle!* Augustin, four beds from him, is our difficult child, the only one of the twenty-nine who is spoiled and fights his dressings, but we must be patient with him for he has been very sick and that drawn look about the nose and a certain, startled expression of the eyes, worry me. But the little *Soeur Victoire* says comfortingly that he will soon be well, though he does not wish to eat and his jaws are

a little stiff. O, *chère Soeur,* in your sweet faith, are stiffened jaws such a trivial circumstance?

Next Augustin is Sylvestre, *le beau.* He was the splendid *pointeur* of Fort Chaudefontaine and was the least burned of the men; that is why I know he is beautiful; also I catch many glimpses of him in the little mirror in which he is constantly regarding himself, but he is *bon garçon,* nevertheless — his honest blue eyes attest it.

At the end of the row is the big Flamand, who was always two feet too long for his bed. He is sitting up now and that great, black head, with features swollen three times their normal size, is a sight to frighten the boldest. If he should roar at me I would drop everything and flee. But he doesn't; nobody roars; for they are all the finest gentlemen in the world, even in their trying moments.

At ten o'clock this evening, right out of the silence, issued sounds of heavy, rolling carts, and horses' hoofs. Madame de H. and I stole out into the court to see what it might be and, almost as if by magic, whole regiments came pouring along in the greatest haste and disorder. A wing of the servants' quarters hid the approach of the soldiers from us and the strange, non-resonant quality of the atmosphere tonight deceived us as

to their nearness. In a moment they were upon us — not three feet away, for some of the troops had taken, not the usual highroad two hundred feet distant, but a short cut by the narrow path which directly passes the court yard. Happily we had hidden ourselves behind the grille, in the foliage, or we might have been shot without ceremony, as by order of the military governor of the city "every civilian shall be indoors and lights out at eight P. M."

We enjoyed the danger a little at first because we did not realize it; all the same we obliterated ourselves as much as possible, though hardly daring to move or breathe. Not an arm's length away, their nearness oppressed us and the waves of heat which reeked from their toiling bodies sickened us. But there we crouched in our light dresses, easily seen if one had chanced to look, and separated only by an iron fence with sparse, fluttering vines from a mass of tired, quarrelsome, desperate men. Why! any of them might have run us through in a flash as one would lunge at a white rag for the amusement of his companions. Indoors the family were frantic, not daring to open a crack of the door for fear of violent consequences to us.

The night was full of dull noises; even the clanking chains of the gun carriages seemed

muffled and the thud of horses' hoofs in the mud added to the air of secrecy which pervaded the scene, while the moonlight threw out shadows and drew crazy perspectives and showed up silhouettes of men positively falling from their seats with fatigue. Some one was twirling a French soldier's cap on a bayonet, we heard smothered yawns, the words *"Russland," "Vaterland,"* and finally the infantry whistling in unison as they limped along.

August 30th, Sunday.

At two o'clock in the morning the whole family was aroused by a thundering rap from the butt of a gun on the big front entrance. The poor old butler, who has been in service thirty-five years, was aghast to open the door and find the Burgomaster, in white kid gloves, standing between two Prussian soldiers, with fixed bayonets. They demanded Monsieur J. (for the second time) as hostage. What could have happened among the people, we could only guess. Had they been rash enough to protest against strength and did they want to share the fate of the pitiful Visé?

The forenoon brought us no news; after lunch we walked in the broiling sun to the little rail-

road station at Kinklepois, to see Monsieur J. (he had aged ten years over night) where he was under guard with several others, including *Monsieur le Vicaire* of A. and *Monsieur l'Abbé* of K. We sat around the table in the Concierge's tiny dining room and listened to some amusing anecdotes told by the Vicar, while the gentle old Abbot sent out to the vicarage for a bottle of his good old Burgundy. To be sure, no one was much in the mood to be amused, but it lessened the tension of the moment; the least unusual sound from the street — and it was full of soldiers and horses — brought the tale to a sudden end and we listened with blanched faces for perhaps — the worst.

August 31st, Monday.

Monsieur J. was released as hostage at seven o'clock P. M. and returned to the fold. This evening, as all was still, we played a little game of Bridge, as in the old days when life was a pleasant dream. Suddenly a dozen rifle shots, in quick succession, rang out in the air and the cards fell from our nerveless fingers as a stray ball rattled against the iron shutters of our windows. Instinctively we crouched into sheltered corners and waited; another volley and another followed, until finally Monsieur S. whispered in a hoarse voice,

"À la cave." The household, including the servants, delighted to be any place where we were not, made a lightning dash, Indian file, for the cellar. Quite unperturbed and loath to leave her cozy, warm kitchen, the old, fat cook was the last to waddle down the stairs, repeating her usual "They cannot hurt me. I am Dutch." She was the calmest of us all, for those intermittent shots and the possibility of retrieving lost balls had raised a tremor of excitement as well as our hasty descent into the realms of Bacchus, in common words — the wine cellar. By the thin rays of a candle the scene was comic; there we were, fourteen of us huddled together in a twelve by twenty foot vault, earthen floor and stone walls. Expecting at any moment an onslaught of we did not know what, each one was bracing himself for the blow, in different attitudes of mind and body. Madame X. was pale, her daughter stolid and ready for the defensive — the true, fighting blood of the Belgians on fire: the old butler, attentive to the slightest sound, was shaking his gray head with ominous pessimism and one of the maids was weeping hysterically and audibly in the arms of her husband, the young footman. At first we just stood and looked at each other as periodic volleys resounded now and again. Then we relaxed as well as we

could on dusty cases and rounding barrels or whatever was at hand. An hour passed before the shooting ceased and then we discovered that we were cramped and uncomfortable and cold — chilled through with that deathlike dampness which pervades subterranean chambers. What misery for those who had to live in them for days! Another hour elapsed before the danger was really over and we dared to come out from cover; then we crawled upstairs to bed on our hands and knees to keep below the level of the window ledges.[1]

Madame de H. made an attempt to go to Brussels by a military train which, however, was derailed ten kilometres from here. Some disagreeable officers took the second automobile for military service, in spite of the signed permission which Count Moltke has given the family. Did I tell you that Madame X.'s children are related by marriage to a high official of the Imperial Court? I do not know at all if this fact accounts for the extreme courtesy which they have always received from the soldiers, but at any

[1] We never heard what really started the commotion, whether it was premeditated or accidental, but this illustrates what a furor a rifle shot creates instantly. The nervous tension of both the invader and invaded is tremendous.

rate some of their friends have not been so favored.[1]

Madame T., who had a charming Villa at S., was one of the unfortunate ones. She was obliged to entertain the officers of some passing troops at lunch recently, after which they had coffee in the garden. The Captain glanced around at the flowers and said, "Madame, very pretty, very pretty, tomorrow, nothing." That night her villa and several other neighboring ones were burned to the ground.

The Germans are constantly forcing the Belgian old men, women and children to march in front of their attacking armies. What kind of soldiers can it be that does these things, but brutes and barbarians?

My revulsion for it all is so great that the words fairly scorch my fingers as I write them.

September 2nd, Wednesday.

Very early this morning we were awakened by the most remarkable sound — a co-operative noise I should call it, or anything you like, being a combination of steamboat, train of cars and sawmill. Looking out of the window we saw a

[1] A printed document was exposed afterwards in the village recommending the Château X. to be respected.

magnificent Zeppelin sailing along in all its majestic wonder.

Miracles happen overnight in the ambulance now, for Health is hastening back in seven-league-boots and every one of our brave *blessés* is turning out to be handsome. Each day a real face emerges from its black chrysalis and we find it beautiful. The refinery was of the cruelest type, but the temper of such men stood the test and their souls shine out undeniably over the scarred flesh.

Some new companies, with their under officers, have taken up quarters in the stables and garage. For the last ten days we have had Prussians there, who were discontented with everything and wanted all the kitchen utensils and everything within reach, but these new men are Bavarian *Landstürm,* rather nice old things, who have brought all their own contrivances, not the least among them being one of the famous rolling kitchens. This latter is a round boiler, hung on four wheels, and is about a metre in diameter and a metre in depth. It is divided into three longitudinal compartments (the fire being underneath), one for soup, one for meat and one for vegetables. Then, under the driver's seat or perhaps not right under, is a tiny oven where are baked *küchen* or a steaming pudding. It is a complete

affair and when dinner is ready, they just hitch on a pair of family horses and drive around to the different companies where rations are dished out, literally. I do not know if the position of cook is the most enviable one in the army, but at any rate this chef appears to enjoy it and is content to sit in the court-yard all day, peeling potatoes and onions and cabbages and cabbages and onions and potatoes.

September 3rd, Thursday.

"Monsieur Seegnal Box" went this morning and everybody was sorry to see him go, for he was a congenial spirit, and, like us, found nothing attractive about war. He seemed a protection, too, from the beast that is ever snarling at the door.

A young cousin of the family related to us today how much at home the soldiers have felt in his château in the country; so much so, in fact, that they have already sent off to Germany all his old family portraits and the best rugs. Here is a bit of psychology for you to unravel. Why should they want his family portraits?

I suppose you could not imagine such a thing happening in America. Well, just try for a moment.

Fancy somebody's coming in and explaining to you that you cannot use your own things and that your choice possessions will have a far better setting in Germany than where they are. I think it would do the world a lot of good if everyone tried such a mental drill for three minutes a day.

A great depression hung over the Convent today — the men were quiet, showing their consideration for the "*camarade*" as they always do. Constant, who received internal injuries at Fort d'Embourg, is dying and Augustin is worse. The latter's face has a gray-blue look and his poor jaws are very stiff. But there is hope! Oh, yes, there is Hope in big Jean's smile across the ward, as he follows us around with his great, black eyes. One can find lots of sympathy in a "*Oui, Mademoiselle,*" or a "*Non, Mademoiselle,*" (which is all he ever says) even when it has nothing to do with the question.

Since the commandant has taken the auto we no longer go out. It is much too complicated anyway, as one has to show a passport at every bridge and corner. Every acre of land is infested with soldiers. It is interesting, however, to see what they do and how they turn everything to some use. Men are sent from Germany to repair railroads, build bridges, put up telephones, institute food stations and to kill pigs and wash

the meat in porcelain bath tubs as we saw them do yesterday, outside a free bath establishment near one of the factories. As we were looking down on the road tonight, from a hill perhaps two hundred yards away, we saw distinctly a column of soldiers in dark blue uniforms, marching across country, and just behind them the ground seemed to writhe and wriggle in a distressing manner. For a moment we could not imagine what was happening, when soon a company of men in khaki began to evolve itself from the landscape. Does that not prove the inestimable value of earth-colored clothes? For as close as they were to us, we could distinguish nothing.

This gray-green which the Germans wear is by far the best tone of khaki that I have yet seen.

Soldiers are stripping the factories here of their fine machinery, but one sort of chuckles in one's boots when he remembers that it was originally bought in Germany and has not been paid for yet.

All day long, trains without ceasing were bringing back the wounded. We do not know exactly where the fighting is, but probably near Charleroi. A Baron de C. and his wife arrived here at ten P. M. from Posen, one of the German provinces already taken by the Russians. Crazed with anxiety, they are going in search of their son,

who was wounded at Namur, and have been three days in a military train — an excruciating journey! At midnight, the soldiers and the *chef de cuisine,* who has had his kitchen in the court, departed. Before going they sang softly some of their songs and then the wagons, one by one, filed out of the moonlight and were swallowed up in the shadows of the trees. I felt as if the candle had been blown out for them.

September 4th, Friday.

Monsieur J. came home today with bad news, though every day has its bad news. His cousin Robert had been killed near Gand. The old butler's eyes were sweet to see when Madame X. turned at table and said to him, "François, Monsieur Robert is dead." This man of one syllable, according to his custom, answered simply, quick tears visible, *"Oui, Madame,"* with that gentle upward intonation which says so much.

The longest sentence he probably ever constructed was uttered thirty-five years ago when his young master had wished to dismiss him for some reason and he had answered, "Oh no, Monsieur, we could not live, either one of us without the other," which settled the question for all time. And now the master is laid to rest and

the servant must serve the enemy in his house.

We took a little walk in the woods, this afternoon — as the coast was clear and no strangers in the house for the first time in three weeks. We had hardly finished a short promenade when we heard a violent clanging on the gong to call us back, and when we returned in all haste to the house found seven soldiers in the library going through all the drawers and closets in search of firearms. Commencing there, they searched the whole house from top to bottom, even fumbling in the bureaus among the dainty lingerie of Madame X. Some of them took an obvious pleasure in performing their duty, while others looked uncomfortable and bored. It is true that many of the men hate this war, whereby whole families of brothers and cousins have to leave their homes to fight what they call the "Aristocrats' War," who in their arrogance think to be masters of the whole world.

Some newspapers, two weeks old, were brought from Brussels in the evening and we pounced upon them as a starved dog makes for a bone.

September 5th, Saturday. (At the ambulance.)

"*Constant, le pauvre Constant!* What is in your tortured soul, these three long days and

nights, that chains it to earth and tosses your poor body from one troubled thought to another?"

I did not think to have my question answered. At eleven o'clock this morning a child of twelve years, beautiful as an angel with heavenly blue eyes and a shock of golden hair, dashed breathlessly into the court-yard of the Convent, almost too exhausted to ask if *Soldat* Constant Martin, by any chance, were there. The gentle *Soeur Cecile* led him in to the sick man's cot. The boy gazed a moment, bewildered at the wasted form upon it; then with an agonizing cry of "*mon père*" fell on his knees by the bedside. The man's eyelids trembled, half opened an instant to look upon his son, and closed. In ten minutes he was at peace.

Since the railroad has been reconstructed the soldiers have been passing in trains instead of on foot. Today we saw hundreds of older men, Bavarians and sailors — it looks as if something had miscarried when the marines have to fight on land. In the opposite direction, thousands of wounded were going back in ambulance cars. These ambulance trains are admirable and are often made up of forty and fifty carriages of the light, swinging, old-fashioned type, of uniform size, the roofs painted white, with a big, red

cross on the top and one on each side. The cots are arranged one above the other, showing clean, white linen, while the attendants are spotlessly uniformed in white. In the middle of each train is a car which might be called the "ugly duckling," for it is a decidedly clumsy looking affair, full of steam boilers with safety valves and tubes sticking out at the top, and is, I fancy, a sterilizing plant.

September 6th, Sunday.

Oh, the peace of Sunday in a little village! And Augustin is better, though he still fights his dressings. It takes the combined effort of the ward to present duty in such an attractive guise that he will not realize he is minding, but it is really the sympathetic Roger who can insinuate comforting comparisons from his own recent acquaintance with pain and the ever-ready Pierre, who with a "courage, camarade," and one free hand to help me, actually put the thing through.

On my way home to lunch I glanced at the clock in the church tower and saw that it was an hour ahead of time, having been made to coincide with Teuton pendulums. This is the second time that it has happened, for the villagers dared to climb up the long stairs and put it back, once,

but the soldiers were so ferocious in their threats that — well, one must accept their insolence. Crossing the field I passed the farmer who must have felt considerable pertubation of soul this particular day, for he looked "worrited" and was mowing grass for his poor, thin cows, in a blue gingham smock and a bowler hat. The war is not more vital to anyone on earth than to him, for the soldiers have taken away his wagons and most of his hay for their bedding and they ruined the grass in the orchard where they were encamped.

Soldiers came to the Convent this morning to search for firearms. It appears that the German military authorities are terrified of an uprising among the inhabitants, particularly the factory hands, who will not work for the Prussians and are getting a little restless. One can readily imagine such an apprehension when from a population of 40,000 working men in the vicinity, only forty-two firearms were presented upon requisition. If all the rest are buried in the woods, as many believe, it will only be the story of another inspired "Cadmus, who sowed dragons' teeth and there sprang up an army of armed men."

Madame de H. has left for Brussels. The third auto which was hidden away was brought out and with Count Moltke's *laisser-passer* and

the family's chauffeur, she will arrive safely, we hope, though we shall not rest until the man gets back.

In Liége this afternoon, in front of the University, we saw squares and squares which were burned out by the Germans, and also where those eighteen civilians were shot, following a slight uprising of the people. Madame X.'s niece, who lives quite near there, heard the screams of the women, and such scenes of terror seem even yet to paralyze the population. In the Place de la Cathédrale we saw soldiers pushing people along with their saw-toothed bayonets to disperse a crowd which was gaping, stupified, at some unusual proceeding.

As we stood there, an automobile, with eight Prussian officers in it, came banging down the street, loose bolts jingling, and was just disappearing around a corner when Madame R. exclaimed "Oh, that's our Reynaud!"

All the automobiles, as well as everything else, have been confiscated by the invaders and it is a common occurrence to look up and see one's own beautiful car bounding along over cobblestones and breaking with its load of soldiers — the motors are driven so hard that in two weeks' time they are practically worthless.

At the beginning of the war, many owners cun-

ningly removed a tiny necessary part of their machines, but in most cases the same owners were given just two hours at the point of the bayonet to find those missing parts, which was not always easy. And the farmers, too, who cut down the big trees across the roads to impede the enemy's advance, had just the same amount of time given them to clear the path again. So you see that one is helpless.

Rumors come from France that the fortified town of Mauberge still resists, but that the Germans are at Compiégne, which is so near to beautiful Paris. It is impossible to believe. Yet we all experienced a feeling of absolute faintness when that report came, for Compiègne, or anywhere within one hundred kilometres of it, is too near. But if — *Bon Dieu,* keep us from thinking!

September 8th, Tuesday.

There is a possibility of our going to Brussels. Oh, the joy of it! That may find me the means, through the American Ambassador, of getting back to my beloved France.

The youngest gardener, the little one, Charles, who is only eighteen years old, has left for "the front." Not with his regiment, for he hasn't

one (this year was to have been his class), but as a private individual who could not stay at home when his country needed him. His old mother, with a little catch in her throat, sent him off proudly, her baby, her *petit Charles,* to serve with his four brothers, already gone.

But how can he get away with the eye of the arrogant usurper on every corner and road?

A Belgian soldier will play his rôle after his own interpretation. Instead of going off in his best smock and a tiny bundle on a stick, *le petit Charles* bade us a smiling *au revoir* in his old blue apron and torn hat. He will wander aimlessly over the hills which he knows so well and, unsuspected, will creep through the friendly hedges into the very arms of hospitable Holland and then, "All's well."

Trains were passing all day loaded with provisions, as well as soldiers and sailors who were sticking on like caterpillars all over the roofs, the sides, the steps and almost the wheels. I saw two of them dancing the tango on the top of one carriage. Then came car after car of prairie wagons, we call them, with voluminous, white, canvas hoods, loaded with provisions; after these, countless, giant cannon decorated with branches, flowers and flags, mounted on open trucks without sides. All this procession was a weird phe-

nomenon gliding by in the sky like a mirage, for the road-bed at the rear of the château is very high and is hidden by intervening shrubs and bushes so that the wheels of the cars are quite concealed. It reminded me of those Amazon warriors in *"Die Walküre"* who slid up to Heaven so smoothly on their wooden horses at the Opera in Paris.

Dropping from the poetical plane to common cause and effect, the whole gave the impression of being well lubricated — like the wheels of Destiny which turn steadily on with few jerks or hitches.

September 9th, Wednesday.

The word is said. We are packing our bags to leave for Brussels tomorrow. When I went to the Convent this morning, I found all the soldiers in bed and looking so wretched. Merciful Heaven! What blight could have fallen on our children over night? But it was a farce. They had heard that the officers of the regiment, here, were coming to inspect the wounded with the idea of sending those who are well enough on to Germany as, of course, they are prisoners. So the moment the Germans entered the court-yard, all the *blessés* — even those who are quite well — hopped into bed with their clothes on, pulled the

covers up to their chins and with a wet compress on their heads, looked as ill as possible. It was comical to see; one can be a soldier and comedian at the same time — and even the dear Sisters enjoyed it. But I was paralyzed with fear. They had not thought of another side of the question to which the very impudence of their ruse might subject them.

I was very sad to say good-bye to these brave fellows who have been to all the world such a lesson in bravery and patience during their suffering. One big, lanky *garçon* — Jean, in fact — was quite undone at our departure. He refused to be consoled with the promise of postal cards in some future era and wept and sobbed, but I managed to understand between the sobs that he was saying, "*Mais, Mademoiselle, je vous suis habitué.*" (But, Mademoiselle, I am used to you.) I do not know if this was meant for a compliment, but I took it as such and wept too.

September 10th, Thursday.

This morning was spent in finishing packing, which usually is the biggest part of it, I find.

There appears to be violent fighting at Malines, Louvain and Tirlemont. Nevertheless we are setting out from the château, at two o'clock, bag

and baggage. Everybody felt sorry to leave the servants (*Liegeois*) who have been staunch and comforting friends through all the misery of these terrifying times. Will an eager Fate close them in? Let us hope they will absorb the effervescent optimism of the fat old cook who continually reiterates in her awful French, "They cannot hurt me. I am a Hollander."

2 P. M.— Well, off we started. It was a moment I shall never forget, for it was as if we had taken up something solid and heavy (an experience, for example) in our two hands and put it behind us. There were in the party our two autos and Monsieur H. with Signor K., an Italian consul, in his. Monsieur H. has a passport from the military Governor, Field Marshal von der Golz, to go anywhere in Belgium, so we felt very safe to be with him. No ancient stage-coach with a dozen passengers on the top could have made as precarious a flight as our machines, packed and jammed full inside and crowned on the roof with an overhanging cornice of every sort of bundle. You can imagine that there was an idea at the back of our minds of never returning, perhaps, or of keeping what we could in immediate possession.

It was interesting in leaving the city to see the disposition of troops; we passed through Seraing,

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where are those tremendous Cockerill factories, and soon arrived opposite the famous Fort Hollogne which did such wonderful work in the defense of Liége, August 5th. At present it flies the German flag and but for one or two sentinels pacing near, one would never dream that a tremendous fort was there. Like the others, it is built three stories underground, with just a slight rising of earth defining the cupolas. Along the road on both sides, for miles and miles, lay splendid trees which were cut down for cannon range. Just before arriving at Jauche we met three automobiles with Prussian officers, who shouted "*Nicht weiter*" and made violent signs which we did not understand. But why "*nicht weiter*" with the *Herr Feld Marschall's* permission in our pocket? We soon learned at the railroad crossing. An hour before there had been an alarm and the station had received orders to allow no one to pass, as there was fighting not far beyond in the direction of Tirlemont. Then and there arose a mighty discussion and the *esprits* of many nations (Belgian, Italian, Russian, French and German) entered into the argument while one meek American looked on at the sparring. Even the little slip of paper ladened with the name of von der Golz in much ink, had no weight. Then we tried another route, that lay right through the

heart of a dirty, squalid, little village to Ramillies, the same Ramillies of Louis XIV's time, famous in the "*Batailles des Flandres.*" We arrived there by a sudden turn of the road which brought us up standing, onto a bridge spanning the railroad. Below, perhaps two hundred feet distant, was the station, out of which, upon our sudden apparition, swarmed a hundred soldiers in alarm, quite as if the surprising toe of a boot had inadvertently kicked over an ant hill. At Ramillies we were not more successful than at Jauche, for as the officials explained, if we passed the railroad station we were in danger of being caught between two battlelines. So, sadly indeed, we retraced our way and returned in the dark and the pouring rain to a dismantled house and forlorn hopes.

September 12th, Saturday.

We are in the depths of despair today for we hear that they are fighting at Meaux — Meaux, which nearly is Paris. If I were a French woman I could not feel more poignantly about it. But we always think that it is not true, as we have no real means of knowing — all is hearsay.

A messenger brought news from Monsieur N., "Uncle Maurice," in the Ardennes. It appears

that in August when the German troops went through Belgium on foot, the regiment of Count Otto von M. passed his villa. Count Otto is "Uncle M's" nephew — the son of his sister, who married a "high official of the Imperial Court," of whom I have already spoken. So it happened that the young officer went to call on his esteemed uncle, who frankly shut the door in his face. The Count burst into tears and cried, "Uncle, Uncle, won't you speak to me? It is not my fault. When my brothers and I received orders to come through Belgium, we begged other commissions but to no avail."

Certainly not! who better than the Counts von M. who have hunted from childhood, thro' every lane and secret path, to lead the armies thro' Belgium.

Trains are passing with every known thing therein — first thousands of soldiers, then wagons of provisions, cannon, boats for pontoon bridges mounted on wheels ready for unloading, material for building, trucks of hay, portable houses and in one car were hundreds of tiny wheels sticking up which we discovered belonged to wheelbarrows. It is a droll procession, that never ceases before one's eyes. To offset it, we have taken to playing Patience morning, noon and night, and if this monotony keeps up much longer we shall

certainly become imbeciles. From time to time, in the trains going back to Germany one sees French prisoners, easy to tell by their red *képis,* boxed up in cattle cars, peering out from a narrow slit at the top. From the terrace can be heard the dull thud of distant cannon; the fighting is at Warrem, thirty kilometres from here.

Monday, September 14th.

Somebody came into possession of a newspaper, the "Figaro" from Paris, dated September 6th. We were delighted to have it loaned us for an hour, greasy and dirty as it was, for in these days a newspaper is the most precious article on earth. It is brought in on a silver tray — then somebody feverishly reads aloud for the benefit of the others, while the servants run out to invite the neighbors to come in and listen. Just as the reader is in the middle of a grand eulogy on glorious victories, etc., an unknown person raps on the door to reclaim the precious journal and we all relapse into a general interchange of impressions, ideas, complaints, inspirations — "They say"; "It appears"; "Why"; "Must"; "Ought"; "Should"; etc. In a German paper we read today, they are preparing their men for "slight defeats" by saying that, "The French army is no

longer the army of 1870, but one worthy to combat with our own." That was very condescending and was doubtless inspired by the formidable battleline from the coast to Nancy, before their noses.

September 16th, Wednesday.

Natural laws are demonstrating themselves very plainly these days, for when we were sitting on the terrace just before lunch to-day, a curious thing happened — a sound wave, from a cannon shot literally hit our ear drums. I felt as if somebody had struck mine with a padded club. There was no noise, you understand, but we all looked up, aware of the impact at the same moment, so that it could not have been imagination. It must be that the terrible experiences of the past weeks have developed us to a highly sensitized degree, for many things are strikingly clear which were not so before.

Nearly every afternoon we go up over the hill to a high cliff overhanging the river which makes a sounding board for those sounds, which never abate, of a distant battle across the valley.

Heaven above! how are there men enough left after all these weeks of killing to continue a battle? At times the reports come as thick and fast

as hail, making one long roar of awfulness, and our hearts sink like lead at the vision it conjures up.

And again, how readily and eagerly hope springs up when the shots become interrupted and the noise fades away a little.

In this wooded spot where we so often go to find out the real truth of things with our own ears, one meets nearly all one's friends from the neighboring villas who have come for the same purpose, morbidly attracted as we all, no doubt, are by these dreadful signs of a world of torture.

We huddle together like sheep lost in the storm, we confide our personal misfortunes and we recount the barbarous tales we have recently heard, the story ever interrupted by fresh evidence of the reviving fury of the never-ending struggle.

When we arrived home we heard that a company of soldiers had arrested, as espions, four or five men who, like ourselves, were taking a little promenade in the wood across the valley. Our liberties are being curtailed more and more. Thank goodness there is a large garden and a private wood to wander in. A month ago the order was that every inhabitant must be in the house and lights out at eight P. M. Now it is seven o'clock and as the days grow shorter it will soon be six or five — and perhaps three. The

soldiers are in such a blue fear of being shot that recently in Aerschot all the villagers were put into the church on bread and water. Some of the men were shot before their wives and most of the houses burned. And they say, "the heart of the Imperial Empire bleeds." It is not surprising that it does when one considers what is happening right here at Liége, where houses are burned and innocent men shot for murder. Afterward one finds German bullets in German soldiers, which proves what you will.

What a story we heard to-day — such a pitiful little story of somebody's blue-eyed boy who ran out with his toy gun and aimed it at the passing troops.

They shot him dead, the little fellow, but he will sleep in a hero's grave as truly as another, for his loyal wee might.

September 18th, Friday.

A memorable day! We went in the auto to Spa. As we drove out of the court yard we were obliged to let some horsemen pass, who were out for their morning exercise. I think it is somebody's body guard, for we see them often at a distance. There are about thirty of them and at close range they are rather beautiful, that is, their

uniforms of spotless white broadcloth with gold trimmings. *En route* we passed by Fort d'Embourg, which still has some of its cupolas, and Fort Chaudefontaine, which our burned soldiers defended and which is demolished. For miles around the country has been flattened, one may say, from the operation of the cannon and looks as if a cyclone had hurried across it. Every bit of shrubbery has been swept off the soil as if by a blast of magic and the singed earth has a very shorn-lamb aspect.

Our route was a veritable *via dolorosa* — destruction on both sides, in front and behind. Many houses and trees had eight inch shells half sticking in them which have not exploded and nobody knows when they may. The churches were without fail demolished more or less and the most astonishing thing was to see, again and again, the marble statue of the Christ standing intact on the crumbling remains of an altar. It fills one with awe and reverence to see this figure repeatedly spared by a supernatural power from an otherwise pitiless devastation. We passed through the now famous Louvigné which was entirely burned by the Prussians on their way to Liége. It was the same old story of the "civilians firing on the troops," or rather the excuse of the delinquents to martyr innocent villagers who instinctively

took up a rifle to defend their homes, as any one of us would. And revenge came quickly.

As we neared this spot which scarred the face of Nature, we were seized with silent horror. If, in the smiling sunshine and in the quiet of the beautiful country, we shivered at the sight of such destruction and the thought of that dastardly work which marked the destiny of hundreds of human beings, what must the awful realization have been to the inhabitants themselves? Fancy the helplessness of them and their consternation at the approach of a great army bearing down, of men maddened with the love of conquest, of the wild beast seeking what it may devour! Imagine the distant rumbling of wheels, drawing nearer and nearer, the thud of horses' hoofs, the rhythmic tramp of feet, first wafted on the wind, and finally the frightful dread confirmed by a sudden explosion from the forts. Then the arrival — the dark — the noise — the confusion — the terror of the women — the screams of little children clinging to their mothers — the despair of the old ones, ill and bedridden — fire everywhere and men torn from the arms of their loved ones and stood up in a row and shot. What ghastly scenes, illumined still more by those rockets of flame from the forts which cut across the plain to stay the brutal invaders!

I saw a little girl come out from the débris to draw water from a pump — for what? For whom? There did not seem to be a living creature in the vicinity, though perhaps some of the poor things who fled out into the night across the fields for safety, have come back to dig out a little home under the crumbled stone. One or two houses remained standing, which seems a miracle, as pétrole-soaked fire-brands were thrown systematically into every habitation. As we passed, rather quickly, I counted ninety houses in ruins and about half a mile from the road, a magnificent château, a victim as well as the meanest hovel. The façade only was standing, though on approaching directly, the building seemed intact, except for a curious impression of daylight shining through the windows.

Coming back in the twilight the effect of all this misery was accentuated, the sentinels every few hundred yards were more suspicious than ever and when we came upon a few isolated "*Hussars de la Mort*" with the death's head leering out from those elegant fur turbans, I thought all was finished. Happily the men were more peaceable than their aspect.

Spa, the lovely, indolent *ville d'eaux*, which we visited, was filled with the "military" and

bristling like a porcupine with saw-edged bayonets and pointed helmets.

September 22nd, Tuesday.

The doctor has gone to Neufchateau in the Ardennes to bring back the French and Belgian wounded. I wish I could have gone with him, for we seem so useless here now that our soldiers are well, and the days are long, since the wild excitement of a giant army on the wing has cooled down. "On the wing" is not an idle expression when we remember those forced marches and how they lashed the poor artillery horses which galloped and strained in the traces without making much impression on the wheels. It was rather like that famous chariot race in the play, "Ben Hur," when the landscape rolled around too fast for the horses. Certain Imperial Esprits have doubtless already arrived, but without the baggage — an item somewhat important.

May the Fates preserve beautiful Paris! There is a dear little French sister at the Convent (this Sisterhood was transferred from Metz after the War of 1870) who says that we must pray the Blessed Virgin every day to "*écraser* (smash) *les Allemands,*" and she says it so fervently that one does not observe the lack of Christian spirit.

Very little is passing through the city at present except perhaps this eternal line of trains, and oh, how we are thirsting for news! Can you imagine, dear people at home, you who have hundreds of newspapers, how we are straining every nerve to know the real truth of things as they are, to pierce through this thick wall, with which an arrogant despotism has cut us off from the whole world? But we cannot. It is wadded on both sides with deceptions and our only privilege is to surmise. What poor things we are, in truth, though born and reared in the common independence of the age. Everywhere (else) the poorest farmer has his one old horse to take him to and fro, where he will, and he has his acre of God's country, where he may muse in the sun or dream with the stars, while we, conquered by numbers, must walk in a straight line without loitering and we must go into our houses at seven P. M. and close the door. Do you think that is amusing?

September 24th, Thursday.

We heard five booms of cannon in an hour this morning and bad and inhuman as it sounds, we were quite pleased — any little sign from an outside world that one lives, one breathes, to drag us out of this inertia, this eternal silence!

September 28th, Monday.

There was quite a demonstration in Liége yesterday when they brought back from Neufchateau some Belgian and French wounded. The people all shouted, "*Vive la France.*" Today we have a new military governor, who has given the order to shoot, without hesitation, any person attempting such an indiscretion again.

The scene of operations is gradually swinging back into Belgium and the stories of atrocities are increasing. The sacking and burning of Louvain, with its art treasures and its world-famous library of rare books and old manuscripts, is only another blot on a shield already stained. In fact, it is said that the general who permitted it is most discontented with himself for having been so stupid and that he has been relieved from active service on account of ill health.

Monsieur Max, the burgomaster of Brussels, has been taken prisoner and is in confinement at Namur, because he was not able nor willing to meet the demands of the Prussians, who want gold. We hear that the women of Germany have been required to give up all their jewelry, except wedding rings, for fighting money.

September 30th, Wednesday.

We went again to Spa in the auto. Passing

again through the pitiful village of Louvigné, we saw, in a meadow, the graves, covered with wayside flowers, of the farmers who were shot. The soldiers picked out forty of the villagers, stood them up in a line, then shouted, "Save yourselves." Thirteen were shot in the back and the rest escaped. What words to find for this barbarism? But is it barbarism and not rather the refined cruelty of civilization? Is it not better then to remain a primitive, with a beautiful faith in the Sun-god?

October 1st, Thursday.

The siege of Antwerp has begun. Here is a dialogue between the Kaiser and his *belle armée.*

K. "I need Antwerp."

A. "Your Majesty shall have Antwerp, but we need five hundred thousand men."

K. "You shall have them."

Does this explain the fantastic array of soldiers, sailors, the old, the young, grandfathers and infants, the simple rank and file and the elegant regiments of H. M. that are continually trailing on to the battlefield?

September 29th, Tuesday.

The servants are dismantling the house today, putting all the art treasures in safety — tapestries,

silver, portraits, paintings, rugs, fine china, furniture, dresses, furs, books, linen — in fact everything of value. All this is to be taken off for safekeeping and sealed up,— maybe, in the crystal caves of the river nymph, Aréthusa. Madame X. does not like to imagine the *Haus Fraus* parading in her sables.

A man in the city saw some circulars ready for distribution that were printed by the German War Office, saying that in case of retreat of the army, the inhabitants of Liége would have six hours to evacuate the city.

All that horror over again? Oh! this is a more terrifying thought, even, than the advance of an army.

Madame de H. managed to get through to us a letter from Brussels by messenger. What dreadful things are happening, what curious things! Three kilometres from her château on the other side of Brussels is an old feudal castle which has been occupied for the last two years by an Austrian family. These people were never very neighborly, preferring their own society evidently and spending all their time and interest in repairing the dilapidated walls of an unused wing of the château. This had turned out an endless task, as it appears, continued for weeks and

then suddenly and unaccountably stopped for days, only to be feverishly recommenced. But of course, people round about, accustomed to the varying energy of workmen in general were not puzzled at this. At least this was the explanation given and, in truth, it began to look as if the old place would live its given quota of days and crumble away still unfinished.

Twenty-four hours after Germany declared war on France and had already crossed the frontier into Belgium, the Austrian family disappeared in the night, taking with them their household gods. The next day Belgian authorities seized the property and found a complete arsenal under the walls with a net-work of tunnels burrowing far into the earth in all directions.

October 3rd, Saturday.

During the last forty-eight hours, hundreds of cattle cars have been going back to Germany and we were very curious as to their contents. Unhappily, we have been enlightened.

Some of the villagers at the station, this morning, looked into one car and saw that it was full of dead human bodies, tied together in threes and packed tightly side by side in rows. Is that

not too horrible for words? It is better not to be too inquisitive these days, for there is horror enough on the surface of things.

The Germans have already taken some of the forts of Antwerp, although the country surrounding the outer belt line of forts has been purposely inundated, which does not, however, prevent the operation of big field cannon.

About fourteen of our wounded at the Convent Ambulance were sent to Germany today as prisoners. We went to see them off and found the poor things absolutely overwhelmed. Against the fear of cold and imprisonment, they put on as many clothes as possible — two suits of underwear, two pairs of socks, two pairs of trousers, coats, shirts, sweaters and waistcoats — until they looked like stuffed partridges. Poor, feathered brood, with pinioned wings! At three P. M. our (usually) gay boys were led out of the court, two by two, like convicts, a Prussian at the head of the column and a Prussian at the foot.

Oh, these Belgians are brave and they know how to obey, which may be the very secret of their greatness. It is glorious to see the respect with which even grown men accept the advice of their aged parents, for at the moment of peril to their honor and their country when the old father had said to his son, "My boy, it is time to lay down

the hoe and take up the sword," he had answered, simply, "*Oui, mon père,*" while the women brought out the sword and buckled it on with a tearless Godspeed.

That is the way the Belgians went to war and that is the way they will sustain themselves to the glorious end.

October 5th, Monday.

To-day, two months after that horrible battle of Sartilmont, we found a Belgian soldier's cap lying in the middle of the path in the woods. It seemed like a human thing and stirred me to the profoundest depths. I never thought that clothes could take on life and a personality all alone, but they do. Has its owner been in hiding all these weeks or is he lying yet unburied among the friendly trees? In these places where Death has walked so boldly one feels his accompanying presence at every step.

October 8th, Thursday.

Monsieur B., a man of seventy years (Madame X.'s brother-in-law), was taken as hostage yesterday at Spa. Fortunately for him, he was allowed to sleep in the hotel, but can you imagine

what the anxiety of those twenty-four hours was? Every voice in the street, every foot-step in the corridor —!

From the top of the mountain all day a continual booming was heard, distantly transmitted through the air. It was so incessant and with such vivacity, one could easily imagine two armies all mixed up into one. The Red Cross trains bear witness to tremendous battles somewhere — but where? We hardly know how to contain ourselves in this absolute ignorance of what is happening in the world. We rush upon and tear to bits, like beasts of prey, the least little piece of news that comes straggling within reach and if, by chance, someone comes into the court, it is enough for all the family, including the servants, to rush to the windows in excitement.

The soldiers who are in the garage had the delicate idea of killing a cow therein, which they did, and dismantled the animal then and there. The next day they dressed themselves in Belgian uniforms, stripped from the dead, and had themselves photographed before the château. We noticed their laughing and pointing to the attic windows of the house, and we finally discovered that they had festooned strings of sausages, of their own recent make, from the window sills, to ripen.

A Baron de S. spent the night here, and told us of the ravages made by the passing troops at his château down in the country. They had buried a Frenchman in one corner of the garden and two Germans in another and nothing was left but the house. All engravings and paintings were cut with a sword; silver platters were melted in a lump in the court yard; meat was cut up on a beautiful salon table; shoe polish was rubbed on another; pipes in the kitchen and bathroom were cut to flood the rooms; every glass in the house was broken and all the linen carried off except the handkerchiefs.

October 9th, Friday.

Baron T., another friend of the family, came to lunch. He told us of his cousin, who was one of the unfortunate victims of the sack of Louvain. This aged man (seventy years) with a thousand others, was obliged to walk for twenty-four hours with nothing to eat or drink and arms stretched up straight over their heads. The poor man, fainting with fatigue, asked permission of the soldiers to put his hands behind his neck, but this grace was denied, and after some hours more all the company was pushed into a cattle train and for eight days taken over the country, as far as

Cologne, and at last released in Brussels, almost demented.

When this Monsieur — of whom I speak, found himself free again he made his way, laboriously enough, to his brother's house in Brussels.

The *maitre d'hotel* opened the door and, seeing this haggard, bootless individual, who was weakened with fatigue and dazed from his recent horrible experience, did not recognize him, naturally enough, and refused him admission until the old gentleman got his poor scattered brains together enough to prove his identity. This is the story as we have it first-hand. Can it then be possible that the others we heard are true, too?

October 10th, Saturday.

I have been advertised! like a stray dog, and what a feeling of importance it gives one. A peculiar looking document with the Embassy seals of Paris and Brussels on it, arrived from the American Consul in Liége enquiring if such a person as "Me" still exists.

Well, rather, I should say. Fancy one's coming all the way on foot from Brussels to find out that!

Masses of soldiers and cannon passing today

and news from Brussels is bad. The worst must have happened! "Antwerp, the untakable." How is it possible in a few days, with fifty-two forts in triple line? We were so depressed we could scarcely eat dinner, when about nine P. M. came the news, from a man of affairs who is just back from Brussels, that the rumor is false. We shall sleep tonight after this hope and the end of the world is not today, anyway.

October 11th, Sunday.

We have heard the raging of a distant battle for days and we tremble for the result. It seems that Antwerp is really taken, that is, "they say" so, but it is such a mystery to everybody.

A Dutch army nurse — but in the German Red Cross service — is here for a few days' furlough, and related to Madame X. some horrible details of the battlefield in France, whence she has recently come. It is just one scene of mud and blood — pieces of limbs strewn everywhere and the dead standing straight against masses of bodies, both living and dead. In some towns she saw women and children pinioned with a sword through the breast to the walls of their houses, and in Belgium the women and children were often obliged to hold the hands of the men whom

the soldiers shot at random, according to their fancy. Here again are tales that one hears that I cannot assert as facts, though this woman told them as her own experiences.

Madame X. received a card from Charles, the young gardener, who is now safe in France training with the Belgian army near Dunkirque. You are doubtless wondering how a card arrived here, as we have had no mail since August 2nd. It was sent to a certain bank in Holland which is not far from the Belgian frontier and a messenger brought it on foot.

And I have sent you back a letter, dear people, scribbled at top speed (without capitals, t's crossed nor i's dotted, probably) by the same messenger who takes his life in his hands when he passes the guard at the Dutch frontier again. If letters are found on this person he will certainly be shot, so whether you ever receive my communication will be a matter of history.

October 13th, Tuesday.

The old concierge of the hunting box at Viel Salm (near Malmédy, Germany), who has been dying of tuberculosis for twenty years, arrived here tonight, having walked the whole distance of seventy five kilometres. This shows the faithfulness of the old servant who thought he

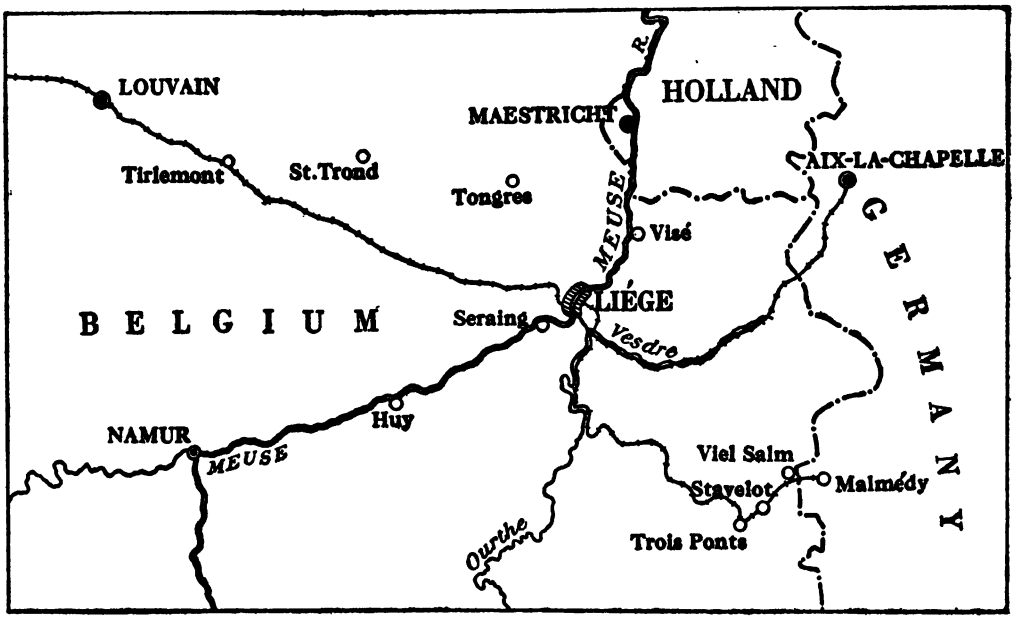
must come to report the sacking of the villa by the German troops which occurred in the early days of August.

The poor man could not have hobbled another step, for he was at the end of his strength and his feet were just two great blisters. He told a shocking tale of the troops, who entirely pillaged the villa. While he went to complain of them at the *Kommandantur* of the place, others came and what they did not break up, they took off. Pictures, engravings and mirrors were broken, the leather chairs slit up with a sabre — artistically done in the shape of a cross — and porcelain smashed in the middle of the courtyard. You can see by this that pillaging and atrocities began when the troops were hardly over the frontier.

In one of the numerous pillaged châteaux around about, an extraordinary bit of literature, in fact a masterpiece, has been found by the châtelaine. A tiny scrap of paper sticking out from a book had these words scribbled on it in German: "I am only a common soldier but I ask pardon for these atrocities, committed by my superior officers."

October 14th, Wednesday.

It is unbelievable the trainloads of soldiers that are passing about every ten minutes, and the



MAP SHOWING VIEL SALM AND THE GERMAN FRONTIER

fighting — judging from the wounded — must be beyond words. The army nurse told of men who have fought five days in the trenches without relief. They were tumbling over with fatigue, rifle in hand, and the officers were obliged to go from one to the other, shaking them into consciousness.

October 16th, Friday.

We went to Viel Salm in the automobile. The destruction at the villa, which I saw with my own eyes, has not been exaggerated. There was practically nothing left but the structure itself and that was far from intact, for nearly all the great plate glass windows were broken by some *dévot* of vandalism who had taken the trouble and an ax to split up the jambs of the doors so that they never could shut again.

Inside was far worse; every picture, glass and mirror was smashed, each leather chair had a great cross on it, cut with the sword, the sofas were ripped up the middle, curtains and portières were wrenched from their rods, all the dishes were taken except the glass stoppers of the water-bottles, all the linen, all the blankets, all the clothes except a few which were carefully cut up into ribbons and the tops of riding boots which

were sawed off for gaiters. In addition to this, eighteen beds and bedsteads as well were carried off.

We visited the Baronne de L., whose son, after refusing a demand of forty thousand francs, was taken as a hostage, with the burgomaster and others of the village.

One morning at two o'clock a great ox cart drove up the avenue of pines to the château and took him off before his mother's eyes. He is now confined in a convict's cell at Coblentz.

Baronne de L. has suffered severely at the hands of the invaders. She is living quite alone in the château with the servants since her son was taken and the avalanche of troops swept over the frontier at this point. The house has been full of officers from the "first days" and she thinks one of them was the "Kronprinz" from his photograph and because his brother-officers always addressed him as Excellency. After one frightful day, when the soldiers had literally despoiled the place by tearing trophies from the wall, appropriating furniture and devastating the stables, the household quieted down about midnight and everybody was in bed, when suddenly a thundering of horses' hoofs was heard in the courtyard and a new detachment of hungry, quarrelsome men piled in, making a raid on the

kitchen and pantries as usual. They were even more boisterous and brutal than their predecessors and poor Madame de L. crept fearfully up to the captain's room to solicit his aid and protection. She knocked and knocked several times before the door finally burst open and he angrily demanded what she wanted. Just as he was in the middle of roaring out an oath, he suddenly drew himself up haughtily, attired as he was in that great voluminous night gown accredited to the Teutonic people, to salute a superior officer who at that moment ascended the stair-case.

Baronne de L. said that in spite of the fearfulness of the moment, it was one of the most laughable scenes that she ever witnessed.

On our way home from Viel Salm we saw the wonderful bridge of trees, three hundred feet long and fifty feet high, at Trois Ponts, which the Germans built when the tunnel was blown up by the Belgians at the commencement of the war. It is a marvellous affair in engineering construction and commands enthusiastic admiration. Except for iron bolts and rivets, it is made entirely of trunks of huge trees — with the bark yet on in places, though, when necessary, a surface was planed square and true to meet its fellow.

We drove through the village of Francor-

champs, which was also burned to the ground, and a few miles further on met three Prussian officers who snarled out some frightful invective as we passed. I cannot think of a reason, except that we were in an automobile while they were obliged to circulate in a modest, pony phaeton.

October 17th, Saturday.

Antwerp is taken! There is no doubt about it now, and it is a sad blow for Belgium. Antwerp! the pride and strength of the whole empire! But there is not a person (bar the enemy) who does not expect to get it back and all the rest of the usurped territory.

Madame de H. sent letters by a "foot-messenger" from Brussels. She left here only to plunge into a wild vortex of experiences there. Two days ago she saw a battle in the air between two aeroplanes and yesterday the locomotives on the trains had chains of roses around their necks to celebrate some good news for the enemy. It sounds wild, doesn't it? And last week — well, one does not dare to think what might have happened at her home, Château de H., when four different companies of soldiers pursued each other in quick succession on the road.

First a regiment of German light infantry

passed who stopped just long enough for some hot coffee and were off again. About half an hour later a brigade of Belgian bicycle *carabiniers* appeared and stayed to "lunch." They were not so *pressés* and were leisurely laughing and joking when one of the stable-men rushed panting into the kitchen and said a company of Uhlans could be seen galloping hard in the distance.

Then ensued a kaleidoscopic performance which took less time than my writing it, and they all escaped, safely guided by Baron de H. himself, down a narrow path hidden by trees behind the stables which led them eventually right out across the heart of that famous beet-root country. When the last man was safely hidden from view, one breathed a sigh of relief which only changed to an exclamation of terror as, turning from this window to look out of another, one saw a hundred fierce horsemen dash up, hard on the scent of their prey.

When Madame de H. (senior) looked down from her room and saw the Uhlans ride into the court, she went right off her head, literally, and drawing a tiny pearl-handled revolver from a secret drawer in her desk, started to shoot from the window. But thanks to the presence of mind and rapid action of her daughter-in-law, who pushed her unceremoniously into her dressing-

room and locked the door, she was prevented in time, which without the least doubt saved all their lives.

It is just such circumstances as these that have given the troops opportunities and excuses to shoot peace loving citizens and burn down many a town.

Madame de H. (junior) then went down stairs and placated the men, who were very insolent, as well as she could with what was left to eat in the house. As the latter were deep in this occupation of refreshing themselves, the sentry espied a troop of Belgian lanciers coming on the gallop and gave the alarm.

To horse! and away they went, bridles clinking, lances clashing. Then commenced a phantom race as they flew over the ground like the wind, the Belgians following hot in pursuit, until they both disappeared over the edge of the world.

October 19th, Monday.

I went to see the American Consul, to explain that I do exist and to ask his advice about getting back to France. He did not seem to second my enthusiasm, which surprised me, and said, " In the first place what would you go in, and in the

second, why should you want to go, with Paris surrounded by 2,000,000 soldiers?"

Isn't it human nature to want to get out of prison?

He has received no mail from America since August 19th and a letter which came from his confrère, the American Consul at Aix-la-Chapelle, Germany, took twenty-five days by the German Military Post.

October 22nd, Thursday.

I was perfectly enraged this morning when I crossed the bridge and saw the soldiers changing the street signs into the German language. Now it is "*nach Brussels*" and "*nach Lüttich.*"

I suppose you will say, "But why be so disturbed about things? It is not your war." But it is my war. I cannot keep out of it — it's everybody's war!

The new soldiers who have been in the stable at the château received sudden orders to advance. The rest of the company, scattered about in the vicinity, assembled here and they marched out of the court, a hundred strong. Poor, old, nice things, these Bavarians; they did not look very military nor very keen about moving on to the "front."

In contrast one can tell a Prussian five blocks away by his swing. His stride is so individually overbearing that it is impossible to mistake.

November 5th, Thursday.

Monsieur and Madame S. came back from Brussels today and oh, it was good to get a little, first-hand, outside news! It appears that Brussels still has a semblance of her normal activity, as the heel of oppression, in the presence of different foreign representatives, has not cut in so deeply there. Madame S. said, one evening when they were walking in the street she noticed a man following them and when they reached a particularly dark corner he came quickly up and whispered, "Would you like to see a 'London Times'? Then come into the shadow across the way." It is well known that a single copy has already sold for 165 francs and also there has been quite a traffic in renting sheets of it for twenty francs the half hour.

Coming back from Brussels, they drove through Louvain — martyred Louvain! It was too dreadful to contemplate. First the material destruction of those wonderful buildings, like an exquisite pattern in lace, torn by a ruthless sword and eaten by wanton flame; then the misery and

deprivation of the people who were able to resist those hours of agony and peril.

Every sort of device was used for shelter and hollow eyes and terror-stricken faces looked out from the damp cellars under the ruins, where destitute families of at least half the population had crept to find a home.

Now we know why the taking of Antwerp has been kept so modestly in the background and has never been advertised in Liége like all the other victories, which were always flaunted in large print. It is because while the Germans were studiously busy taking the city, fort by fort, the Belgian army was walking out by the side door, along the coast to France, so that when a big personage was sent from Germany to make a grand, triumphal entry into Antwerp, he found an empty city and received the sword of a general, ill and incapacitated for duty.

It is said that the Prussian general who accomplished the siege was decorated amid a grand flourish of trumpets and then retired, since one of the great motives was the capture of the Belgian army, which is now safe in France and taking a week-end off somewhere. Is it not fine that little Belgium has been able to impede the great German army two and one half months, which has given the other actors in the play time

to change their costumes? Oh, it is fine to be brave!

Countess de M. came with Monsieur and Madame S. from Brussels and has her passports all in order to go to France, to her husband who is in the Belgian army near Calais. She is leaving at once, under the protection of the Dutch Consul, who is here in Liége for a few days (a circumstance ordained by the Fates) and who is going to conduct her in his auto over the frontier to Maestricht, Holland. And the miracle has happened! If I can get my papers in readiness in two days, she will take me with her. I am wild with joy, but I feel it is like a dream that one knows cannot come true.

November 6th, Friday.

Just the moment I finished breakfast this morning, I dashed into town, that is, as fast as an old tramcar could take me, to the American Consul. In my impatience, I fancy I must have rung his bell several times, though it was really a long while before the servant opened the door and showed me in to the library. Then Mr. Z. (a German-sounding name), the Consul, appeared, unshaven and with the evidence of his morning meal upon his face — it was yellow.

But nothing mattered to me and I plunged into the subject of getting a passport for to-morrow without preliminaries. Perhaps I took the poor man's breath away, for certainly he was not nearly as enthusiastic as I about it. In fact, he embarked upon a dissertation pertaining to the invaders which made me cry out in astonishment, "Why, you surprise me, you seem to have pro-enemy tendencies." "Well," he said, "they've done everything they've said they have, haven't they?"

I asked him if he had seen Louvigné or Visé yet and he said, "No, I haven't ben up t' Visé yet."

All this, however, was far from the point in question and I finally got back to it by informing him of the good fortune I was going to have to-morrow in getting away to Holland in the Dutch Consul's automobile if I could get my passport from the Germans. It did not occur to me that there would be any difficulty about it, so I calmly asked him if he could get it for me by six o'clock to-night?

"Oh, no," he replied, "I could not get it before two or three days."

"But," I protested, aghast, "I am going to-morrow and it is a chance in a thousand; I may not have another such opportunity during the

war. Could you not make an especial effort to get it for me?"

"Well," he answered, "I'll do what I can but I won't promise anything. I'm not agoing to ask any favors of those people," i.e., the Germans.

"It is not a favor," I replied, "it is your right. For what other reason is an American Consul if he is not to protect his people, particularly in wartime?"

"Oh, my dear young lady," he answered, "you must not think that you are the only American in Liége."

"How many are there?" indignantly.

"Well, three or four," he replied, reluctantly.

That was really too much! I was in despair. What was to be done? Seeing my hope of freedom vanishing before my eyes, I clutched at the last straw and entreated him with what eloquence I could whip into line to make at least some effort to get me the passport by six o'clock, when I would come again to his house for it.

"Oh, no," he said quickly, "I don't get back here until eight o'clock, but if you happen to pass by 'The Golden Lion' (or some such name) you might find me there."

Choking with rage I said to him, "I see that you cannot help me, Mr. Z., but if you will be good enough to give me your card (he had al-

ready suggested it) to the German passport department, I will go to the *Kommandantur* myself and see what I can do; in fact, I am sure I can accomplish far more than you." He ought to have been affronted at this but, on the contrary, seemed jolly well pleased and handed me out his card in a hurry, glad to relieve himself of the obligation of asking any favors of "those people."

I then made my way to the *Palais de Justice.* A man accosted me in the square and told me if I were going for passports it would be of no use, as there were hundreds and hundreds of people there before me. But I kept on. With the glorious end in view, viz., to be a free person and to see the scenes that, in a morbid way, I had begun to feel would never be my privilege again, I kept on, threading a path through the throngs until I stood right in front of the guard of the sacred chamber. He was an enormously fat sentry, with the usual little round cap and fixed bayonet. I thought he would eat me, he looked so offended, and roared out, "*Nein, nein, das Zimmer ist voll.*" Then was my moment. I pulled out the little white card and addressed him — not too timidly either, for hadn't I the great American people behind me? He caught the words, "American Consul," which drew him

up to salute and in the most lamb-like voice he murmured, "*Ach, ja, Amerikaner,*" and let me pass. I cast one look at the multitude back of me — poor things, who may have stood there two days already, and I felt despicably mean, as if I were not playing fair.

Once inside, I was put through a category of questions, worse than an "Inkwhich." "Why had I come to Liége?" "How long had I been there?" "Why did I want to go away?" "Where to?" "How?" etc. Finally my inquisitor became suspicious, or feigned it, and said, "But what have I to prove that you are an American?" Then I was furious and I answered, "Monsieur (I suppose he hated the French appellation), since you have the card of the American Consul asserting it, in your hand, is not such a question an indignity to my government?" He answered with a wry smile and said nothing.

At 4 P. M. I returned for my passport with half a dozen photographs to be affixed thereto. I had no difficulty in getting into the *Bureau des Passeports* as I still had the Consul's card upon which Herr Bauer, one of the German secretaries, had scribbled some mysterious symbols which probably meant "let her pass," or its equivalent. At any rate, the sentry and I regarded each other

superciliously and I skidded past his saw-toothed bayonet without hurt.

When I entered the crowded room I saw that I was about fiftieth in the line and I said to myself that if I waited my turn I should still be there at midnight. Luckily, an idea came to me, and waving that fateful little white card in the air, I called out over the heads of everybody, "Oh, Herr Bauer." A Belgian gentleman standing next me was quick enough to catch the name and shouted out also, "Herr Bauer." But Herr Bauer was far too clever for him and said with a mocking smile, "Ah, no, Monsieur, you will have to wait your turn. Mademoiselle, come this way."

I detached myself from the crowd and stepped behind the rail, horribly conscious of unpleasant scrutiny. My face got hotter and hotter and I could only see a host of uplifted Belgian eyebrows. Even the clerks looked up and stared, unaccustomed as they evidently were to Herr Bauer's benignity. And I had to bear all that humiliation because — well, why?

Having exposed the facts, I will give you the privilege to form your own opinion which will be every bit as good as mine, I know.

11 P. M. My passport signed, sealed and written all over by the Imperial Government, is in

my hand. I shall dream of long journeys, of bitter struggles and at last — freedom! Will the daylight never come?

November 7th, Saturday.

Saturday dawned cold, gray and shivery. *Madame de M., Monsieur le consul hollandais,* and I left the château at eight A. M. I was heartbroken to part from the dear people with whom I had experienced so much and I fancied their eyes looked longingly at the departing automobile. They, too, would have liked to come out into the sunshine of Freedom — how much!

From Liége to the frontier sentries stopped us often, but the consul's much-used passport, framed and glassed in like Napoleon's Abdication or the Declaration of Independence, was very convincing. Half an hour's cold drive along the Meuse brought us to Visé. On approaching it, we did not dream that we were nearing a town and in truth we were not — only the remains of one, for not a single building was standing. I had thought that Louvigné with its one lane was desolate and awful, but here were streets and streets of ashes and crumbled brick — and I seemed to see again the ruins of ancient Troy in Asia Minor, which are not more complete.

Someone murmured, "Pompeii." But it is not comparable. The ages have woven about the broken columns of Pompeii a light film of romance and a bit of tender beauty springs up with the tiny, flowering weeds which push their way to the sun between many colored tiles. Here, the tragedy is too new; too crude; too bleeding!

The only living things I saw were a cat scampering down a deserted alley, and one man — half-dazed, looking at what was probably his own ruined home; the only wall to be seen which was, even in part, standing. It must have been an ironmonger's shop, for some black kettles still hung on nails against the stone, and iron stoves in all their bleakness stood up in bold relief on piles of ashes.

When the Germans came to Visé the commanding officer called the people together in the market place and harangued them at length, threatening them with dreadful punishments if they did not do so and so. He felt he had to, doubtless, as the town and the surrounding country are well known centers of the fire-arms industry; the peasants work in their own homes to a large extent and are very expert in the making of delicate weapons and also in their use.

So, when the sturdy Belgians could not digest another single threat, apparently, somebody fired

a shot from the crowd which killed the officer while he was speaking. Then followed that frightful slaughter and the firing of the town, the remnants of which we saw to-day. Nobody on earth will ever know who fired the shot, probably, for the soldiers hate their officers and already German bullets have been found in German soldiers.

9 A. M. Over the frontier! Oh, the joy of it — the indescribable relief — the wet-eyed thankfulness! Shall I ever forget it? I did not know until then what depths Tyranny had furrowed into my consciousness. Here were men and women laughing and talking in the streets and people daring to drive in their own carriages, and everybody reading newspapers — I felt as if I would spend my last sou for one.

The day was spent in wandering aimlessly over the old town. The wind was bitterly piercing and a fog hung over the canal but I was not altogether aware of bodily discomfort. My mind, trying to adjust itself to new conditions, was in a haze, staggering back and forth from the consciousness of regained freedom to servitude and from barbarism to freedom again.

At three P. M. the train left for Flushing, where we were to take the boat for Folkestone, England. Just before it pulled out of the station, a friend

of Comtesse de M. rushed up to the car window and said, "Madame, must you go? We have just received a dispatch saying that a big boat has been sunk today by a mine near Boulogne." But nothing on earth could have deterred us then.

All through the country of Holland, Dutch soldiers were "preparing" everywhere. We arrived at Flushing at two A. M. and went aboard at once, but not before being well looked over by English commissioners, who examined our foreheads and wrists for German measles. Shall I ever get away from that word?

November 8th, Sunday.

A long day on the Channel and I was seasick — miserably, hopelessly, endlessly seasick, but when somebody shouted I managed to lift my head in time to see a floating mine — just a tiny, black buoy bobbing about, but I did not mind. I asked the stewardess if she were not afraid, making the journey every day, and her answer awed me by its conciseness and its confidence. "Oh, no," she said. "Our Admiralty has arranged a path for us between the mines." That was a sublime faith, but I should choose a more winsome path — bordered with marigolds, perhaps, or phlox.

About four P. M. the gaunt, chalk cliffs of

Dover hove into sight, rising up in their grimness and seeming yet to shadow the awful tragedy of the previous day, when an auxiliary cruiser had struck a mine a quarter of a mile from shore and sunk in five minutes.

November 9th, Monday.

Folkestone! The busiest town on earth, I should say, and soldiers everywhere. There were ruddy-looking troops, singing also, and apparently quite content to be "going over," for an Englishman is always game; and there were pale ones, just out of hospital, in every kind of uniform, and bands of refugees and exiles who had not a franc among them.

Comtesse de M. went with me to the English Embassy to see if they would give me a passport to France with her, for in my haste in leaving Liége, it had not occurred to me that I would need a passport ever again anywhere.

It seemed to me that there were millions of people at the door of the Embassy, but fortunately Madame de M. found an acquaintance who must have had considerable influence, for he took us around to a secret door and we were soon in the audience room. Well, of course, there was nothing to prove that I was an American but our

honest word, which was not enough, so I offered to hand out my German passport, which was certainly maladroit.

Fancy, an Englishman viséing a German passport!

Then Madame de M. pulled out hers and asked them to sign my name on it as companion to her. The august head looked troubled at this; however, he took his pen and was just in the act of putting it to paper when his assistant or rather accomplice interposed and they argued a bit. He took his pen for the second time and plunging it into the inkwell was just about to sign when somebody else expostulated and another discussion ensued.

For the third time (he pulled himself together as a man who knows what he is about) he took his pen and would certainly have achieved his object if the door had not opened at the inexpressible moment to admit an authoritative-looking person who vetoed the whole proceeding.

What those moments were to me I shall never be able to describe — that pen so near the paper! A naked sword three times across my throat would not have been greater suspense. Marie Antoinette could not have suffered more.

Well, the game was up anyway, and as there was no American Consul nearer than London, I

decided to try the amiability of the French Consul which I found impeccable.

At the French Embassy again was that rush and struggle for papers, and there I witnessed a pathetic scene. A Belgian man, of middle age, and well dressed, came to the consul literally asking alms. "Monsieur," he said, "to ask you for help is the hardest thing that I shall ever do in my life, but I have lost everything and I must go to my wife, who is ill in France, and I have but five francs. Could your Embassy aid me?"

At five P. M. the boat left Folkestone, containing a conglomerate parcel of humanity — sailors and soldiers of different nations and in divers uniforms, singing alternately the "*Marseillaise*" and "God Save the King"; Red Cross assistants eager to reach the field of their work; white-haired mothers in search of their wounded sons, trembling for the message that land would have in store for them and despairing exiles awaiting at least the welcome sound of their beloved tongue. Night fell like a soft mantle and we forged on, into the darkness, chancing what might befall. What impressed me among the people aboard was the apparent lack of anxiety for personal safety. Past sufferings and the great future issue were the predominant thoughts.

The dock at Calais was crowded with anxious

friends and Belgian soldiers. Madame de M. found several acquaintances among the latter — friends of her husband. After the usual Custom House proceedings we started on a quest for rooms for the night. A subdued excitement trembled over the city; the whole population was in the streets; throngs were seething up and down; hundreds of soldiers were hurrying to and fro and intense groups of men discussed probabilities, while anxious women pressed in on the crowd to catch a hopeful word. We heard that the German army was about to plunge through to Dunkirque and would shell Calais from there. The civil population was therefore expecting every moment the order to evacuate the city.

As we crossed the railroad near the pier, we saw in the half light a small company of Belgian soldiers limping along, each with a forlorn bundle on his back. Their aspect was *complètement démoralizé,* and the young lieutenant with us, moved by his quick sympathy, shouted, "Oh, say, *camarades,* have you heard of the new victories on the Yser and the brilliant defense of the Belgians?" The poor, despondent things, fired at once by the spirit of his enthusiasm, straightened themselves up and cried, "Oh! Ah! Is it true? *Merci, mon lieutenant, vivent les Belges!*"

A few yards further on we passed a group of

refugees who were stumbling aimlessly along in the dark — there were men and women, trying to console each other, and whimpering children, sick with hunger, clinging to their mothers' skirts. Their plaintive cry was like a knife through the heart.

After picking a toilsome way through the crowds we arrived in the quarter of the big hotels and found there was not a room to be had. Not at all daunted, we retraced our steps and sought the small hotels — there were no rooms. Still, with courage — even amusement (the affair was taking on a spirit of adventure) we attacked the *pensions de famille* — not a cot; not a corner. Then we stopped in the *Place* to review the situation, which began to look dull gray. There were still the *cabarets,* or we could sit in the street all night. We chose the *cabarets* and with newborn hope started on, systematically taking one street after another, knocking at most dreadful-looking places, even along the waterfront. A woman's voice from behind barred shutters usually responded. Every chair, every table, every square inch of floor was spoken for. Then the warm, brightly-lighted railroad station, opposite the pier, leaped into our numbed consciousness — why had we not thought of it before? The military authorities forbade loitering there.

Out in the dark, once more we looked at each other inquiringly. That was a curious joke. Fate had never dealt us such a hand of cards before! We viewed the landscape — half of it was water and the little waves lapping against the *quai* were rather mocking.

Suddenly, dark and smug, a swaying object which we had not observed till then, took monstrous form before our eyes and in it we recognized an old friend, the Channel boat *Elfrida*, which lay basking in the velvet shadows like a dozing cat and gently pulling on her cables. Why not? We did! Nothing prevented our going aboard but a sleepy guard, who was quickly consoled with a five-franc piece, and we made ourselves comfortable for the night on the yellow, velvet cushions in the captain's salon, behind the wheel-house.

Who can assert that it has not all been arranged for us? Otherwise, I fear, our own poor efforts would land us too often in the mud.

November 10th, Tuesday.

Left Calais at nine A. M. The sun was pouring its cheerful rays over the glorious land. It ought to be free — this smiling France! Wherever the eye rested were soldiers drilling, build-

ing, maneuvering and digging. Every few hundred yards the railroad was intersected by lines of trenches. These latter appeared to be about seven feet deep — cut true as a die into the ground and were braced with a lining of woven reeds, like basket work. The front wall of these trenches was crenated about every two feet, forming little niches for the soldiers and protection against flank shots. The poppies and corn flowers blowing over the edges were holding on for dear life to their tiny inch of soil and nearly obliterated those brutal gashes in the earth which had swallowed up their brothers and sisters. An unsuspecting army might well be lured into such a pleasant bear-trap.

Train progress was very slow for we had to switch off continually to allow ammunition trains and troops to pass. All the railroad stations were packed with soldiers and grieving women, though there was nothing in the way of heroics in these leave-takings, just grim resolve on the faces of the men and silent sorrow on the lips of the women. It seemed as if clasped hands could not release each other and eyes held eyes in a long farewell. Husbands were tearing themselves from their wives; white-haired mothers were adding one word more of caution to their departing sons; and there were young boys, of per-

haps the last class, who, touched at the moment to say *au revoir,* were yet eager to plunge out into the future. I shall never know how many last good-byes I witnessed this day.

Train after train of cattle cars passed us, with a big cannon in the middle, three horses stabled in one end and three in the other. Along the road were several regiments of Indian troops — the *Girkhas.* They were tall, splendidly handsome men of fine features, light, chocolate-colored skin and brilliant, black eyes. They wore long, khaki coats, belted in like a Russian blouse, and khaki turbans and they waved their hands and smiled continually, showing flashing, white teeth. They were evidently well pleased with the turn of events which had led them to this wondrous, new world, where was plenty of opportunity for killing — this reputed trait, however, was quite belied by their amiable faces.

About four P. M. (three hours yet to Paris) I was dead with fatigue and seeing so much. Also I had not had a bite to eat since eight A. M., having counted on a basket lunch on the road, or at least a solitary sandwich, but all the convenient station buffets have been closed up since the war and civilians are tacitly understood to look after themselves and not to bother the Government by racing needlessly over the country. But I do not

think there were many making aimless journeys.

Since noon the cars had been steadily filling up, until the compartments destined for ten persons were accommodating twenty, not including bundles, lapdogs, bandboxes and bird-cages — even then there was always room for one more. And nobody was indignant, but rather complacent and obliging, for had they not all sons at the front and the same great grief at heart? The conversation was general as to people and on one sole topic, the "War," including the strategic achievements of the French army, "Eux" (they, i.e., the Germans), and the marvellous qualities of their beloved Général Joffre, affectionately termed "Grandpère" by the soldiers.

And so we rolled slowly and more slowly on, packed like sardines, the removing of one meaning the displacement of all, as when one heedlessly snatches a potato from the middle of a bushel basket. But very few got down except the soldiers, the objective point for all being Paris.

The twilight shadows were welcome, for they swallowed up all the phantasmagoria of the day and we relapsed into silence. It was one of those moments when Reality, or the fear of it, battles with our courage and each one grew thoughtful

as he neared the great city, dreading to meet the spectre he feared.

The wheels of the cars sang on in a hollow, monotonous tune, the windows rattled systematically and outraged brakes screeched at every recurrent jolt. Finally we saw a dim row of lights and a long, thin whistle from our engine told us that the journey was done. Again was that noticeable lack of excitement; everyone calmly took his personal belongings and prepared to get down when the guard, in an unimportant voice, should call out "*Paree,*" which you would not hear if you were not listening.

After the Customs, I was in a frenzy to get out into the street, to be welcomed back, as one always is here, and to be cheered and warmed by the bright lights — the flashing eyes of Paris. But the streets were dim, the shops and restaurants closed and few people circulating about. How different it all was! I felt like Rip van Winkle after his twenty-years' sleep, for at the apartment (I thought I had come to the wrong house) was a new concierge, young and pretty, replacing the old, white-haired one. Had we gone back twenty years instead? The rooms were empty — all my friends had disappeared, the dust was inches thick, the furniture pushed mostly

into the middle of the rooms and some of the beds were gone. Thickly sprinkled over the floor of my room and on my bed were pieces of the window glass, broken like all the others in the house, by a German bomb which fell and exploded in front of the Prince of Monaco's house, two doors from us — not one hundred and fifty feet away. Half dazed, I dusted a place large enough for my hat and coat, extracted some clean linen from the closet and went to bed, sick at heart.

November 12th, Thursday.

Paris! after a four days' tiring journey which in happier times takes only five hours. But it doesn't matter — it is home again. Anywhere is home which is out from under that yoke of infamous tyranny. I rage in proportion as the minutes separate me from this odious thing that closes its iron fingers around the necks of my friends.

No! It is not to be borne. Let every man, woman and child on the earth rise up until we have right. Do I not know? Have I not experienced the mailed fist? And yet, how little in comparison to others; but it is enough.

The concierge gave me coffee and rolls and

I dressed quickly in order to get out into the street where I knew the dismal impression of the indoors would be dispelled by the habitual smile of the enchanted city. But the day was dull — the summit of the Eiffel Tower was hooded in a cloud of fog and a cold blast swept over the Place de La Concorde which froze me to the marrow. I kept on, however, somewhat protected by the arcades of the rue de Rivoli, expecting to see, at least, familiar faces in the shopkeepers of that gay, little Rialto — but the doors were all closed and the blinds down. One place was open — the art shop of the little, old, white-haired man with the twinkling eyes, who has sold me marvellous Venus de Milos, etc., times without number. I greeted him with real feeling and enthusiasm, for here was somebody I knew. He did not recognize me and stared dully, without answering, as one who is dazed; he was unshaven and dirty, his usually clear eye was lifeless and his face was thin and drawn. Could it be that he had not enough to eat, or was it despair? He must have had nephews and perhaps sons and grandsons at the front. But do the people who stay at home change like that? I went on — the Hotel Meurice was closed; the Continentale had a section open for the Red Cross; the Bristol was closed; the Ritz was made into an Ambulance;

not a living soul on the Place Vendôme. All the famous hat shops were closed — who would have a reason to buy hats? All the big dressmakers were closed and every jewelry shop but two in all that dazzling, brilliant rue de la Paix was closed. There were perhaps a dozen people on the Boulevards, a single taxicab crawled listlessly out of a side street, but not an omnibus to be seen. They, like all the world, had left for the "front" and will go down in history as having transferred the valiant French army in all haste to Victory on the Battlefield of the Marne.

The only thing unchanged was the Opéra, which stood there, in all its splendor, looking on at the grievous spectacle of Paris, in anguish. Will she live? Can she die? Is the burden of her woes too great? O, Beautiful City of Dreams! Some call you very wicked — you, whose brave smile has endured through all your sorrows. Is that so little? And the valor of your Sons — was it ever surpassed? Did one of the hundreds, one of the thousands, one of the millions, hesitate the fraction of an instant at your call?

O, Paris! Inimitable Paris! with the death shadow on your lovely face . . .

THE END

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